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TO A CLOUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

Sweet cloud! could I but lie
As softly on the sky,
As gently float o'er the dear land I love,
How quick I'd leave the strife,
The toil, the care of life,
And roam with thee through the bright heavens above.

I'd float o'er the fair spot
Where stands the humble cot—
My childhood's home—where the dear loved ones dwell;
And then far South I'd go,
Where softer breezes blow,
And brighter birds their songs of music swell.

I'd watch in beauty bright
The sun depart at night,
And then a thousand varying tints I'd wear;
I'd roam o'er the blue sky
When the moon rides on high,
And in the glory of her beams I'd share.

I'd come and float above
The home of him I love,
And watch by night o'er his bright golden dreams;
Then, through the burning day,
I'd guard him on his way,
And gently shield him from the sun's warm beams.

Or, if I might but lie,
When thou thou rid'st on high,
On the soft waving pillow of thy breast,
How calmly I could sleep,
While stars would o'er me weep,
And watch, with dewy eyes my slumbering rest.

But not to me is given
Power thus to soar to heaven,
And lose myself in the ethereal blue,
To dwell with spirit forms
Through sunlight and through storms,
And look to heaven where stars are peeping through.

But when this life is o'er,
Then will my spirit soar
Higher than thee, bright cloud, in heaven to dwell;
To roam in beauty bright
Through fields of heavenly light,
And angel-notes of joyous music swell.

RAVENSPUR;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD STONE MANSION.

A ROMANCE OF VIRGINIA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LINWOOD LAYTON.

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CHAPTER X.

WITHIN THE RICHMOND JAIL.

The capture of Hubert Linwood was perfected by his safe lodgment in the jail in the capital of the state. He made not the slightest resistance on his way thither, and his captors received the entire amount offered for his arrest by the state and Colonel Hawlett, the widow of the latter cheerfully paying her proportion, as an acquiescence in the well-known wishes of her husband while living, and as a fair exponent of her own desire regarding one whom she considered among the guiltiest of criminals, and who especially had done her family a most dark and shameful wrong.

When the crew of the Stormy Petrel learned of their captain's misfortune, anchor was hoisted, sail spread, and the gaping fishermen of Tideway concluded that she was making all haste out to sea, and beyond the jurisdiction of the state, lest some of them might incur the same dreadful penalty that awaited their leading officer. All congratulated themselves on being well rid of a set of men many declared were pirates who had come up the river and made a reconnoisance of the great town of Tideway, for the purpose of ravaging the dwellings of its most wealthy inhabitants, and laying all in ashes. Dr. Janeway was among the most pleased of all, and declared that the world was safer now that Gorgitt was in the penitentiary, he called upon Madam Hawlett to give his history of the whole transaction, and to suggest that a small reward be given the servant Pete for his commendable activity and assistance in catching the wretch—a suggestion which the lady was only too glad to carry out.

"After his escape several years ago," continued the old physician, "you remember that tidings came back of his loss at sea; and the neighborhood generally acquiesced in that belief. But I didn't, for you remember the saying that the man who is born to be hanged cannot be drowned; and I knew it was a trick of the dog to throw the folks off their guard. So I watched and waited, certain he would return to plague us again, and to receive the just deserts of his crime; and I believe I played a good part in Colonel's handbills ready to have posted up the minute he set foot on shore. Sure enough, he made his appearance last night, with the beard and whiskers of a pirate, that none of his acquaintances should recognize him; and he had the effrontery and impudence—yes, infernal impudence—to demand of me the particulars of the last mistress of Colonel's life. I told him to go to the devil, and I replied in hot words, telling him that things were as they had been and always would be, and the best thing he could do, if he wanted to escape the halter, was to get out of this neighborhood a mighty sight quicker than he came into it. I regretted doing this, as I was afraid he would take the alarm and fly, but he did not; and to make a long story short, he is under lock and key, where he is likely to remain until his trial."

"And when will that be likely to take place?"

"Court sits next week, and I understand that his trial will be likely to be among the first, so that it will probably be over inside of a month."

"There can be no doubt of the result, doctor?"

"Not the least. There never was a clearer case in the world. Conviction is as sure to follow his trial, as it is that his life will be spared to receive sentence."

"Do you know what lawyer will defend him?"

"I do, madam, said Doctor Janeway, straightening himself up, with his curt, frigid dignity. "My son has already offered his services."

There was something almost ludicrous in the manner of the old physician. He had just given expression to his hatred (for I can call it by no milder term) of young Hubert Linwood, and of his anxiety that he should suffer the penalty of his crimes; but at the same time he took too much pride in his own "boy" to permit any one to question his conduct upon any matter. Fred Janeway was a brilliant young lawyer, one of the most accomplished, eloquent and popular members of the legal profession in Virginia. He had been admitted to the bar several years previous, and had begun his career in Richmond, the capital, where, as I have said, he had already made a brilliant reputation. He had secured the acquittal of three criminals charged with capital crimes, the after-revelations proving that all were indeed innocent, and that the verdict he secured was a righteous one to every respect. Every now and then, as tidings reached Doctor Janeway of the success and growing fame of his son, crusty and curt as he was, he could not but feel a pride in his only child—a pride that, as a matter of course, was equally shared by his wife.

Mrs. Hawlett understood her family physician too well to run counter to any of his prejudices; and so, when she received the rather unexpected news that Fred Janeway was to be his counsel, she expressed no surprise, but merely remarked, in her quiet way:—

"I believe they were always intimate friends."

"Yes, from their youth up; and I cannot but honor my son's course in sticking by him, even though he must be convinced of his guilt. Fred reached Tideway this morning, on a flying visit to his home, and when I told him what had taken place, and that the criminal was safely caged at last, he just shook hands with us, gave his old mother a hug, and then turned back again, saying he would rather lose his right arm than not be there to help him out of his scrape. So if Fred isn't there by this time, he is well on his way."

"Of course the right of counsel is conceded to every criminal, even when so undeserving as this one; but, doctor," added the widow, turning about and looking him squarely in the face, "I must inquire of you about another matter."

"I am ready to hear you, madam."

"How is Evelyn?"

"Very well, indeed; she could not be better."

"What will be the effect of this upon her?"

"There is no necessity of her knowing anything about it. She need hear nothing of the trial, or what takes place after ward, for years and years to come."

"Does she know anything of his visit to Tideway?"

The old doctor cleared his throat several times before making reply. He knew all about the visit of Hubert Linwood to the Haunted House, and his meeting with Evelyn in the wood, and it was this which added to his exasperation toward the young captain; but he was determined that her mother should not learn it from him. There was no necessity of her knowing it, as it would only add to her agitation, and accomplish no good.

"I suspect, from some words that Evelyn dropped when in conversation with me, that she had heard of his presence near Ravenspur; but it will be comparatively easy to keep her in the dark in the future."

"And you will see that it is done?"

"You may depend upon that, madam;" and, bowing himself out of her presence, the doctor re-entered his gig, which a few minutes after was bobbing down the main road, carrying him on his extensive round of patients, while he felt in unusually good spirits at the certainty of Hubert Linwood receiving his just deserts, and from his own conviction that his son would gain additional fame from his manner of conducting the defense.

"I don't want him to succeed," he said, compressing his lips and shaking his head, "for that miscreant is guilty, and acquittal is out of the question; but a lawyer in such a case can gain as much glory from defeat as success." And so, comforting himself with the thought that his boy would become more famous any way, he gave his thoughts to the little girl that had the measles, and upon whom he was about to call.

And Hubert Linwood all this time was immured in one of the gloomiest cells in the old Richmond jail, chained at the ankles and wrists, like the most desperate felon awaiting execution-day.

On the afternoon of this beautiful spring day he sat upon his low, wretched bedstead, with his head leaning back against the wall, his eyes partly closed, his feet and hands crossed, while his thoughts were far away. His handsome face showed no signs of agitation, but was as serene and composed as an innocent child's. Young, proud-spirited, and naturally hopeful, he yet seemed to care nothing at all for the degradation heaped upon him, nor for the dark, awful fate that loomed up in the near future.

"Evelyn is shut out from me," he murmured, without unclosing his eyes. "Happiness can never, never, never come to me without her; therefore I wish to die—though, like Major Andre, I would prefer some other death."

The weary hours dragged slowly by, and he sat wondering whether any friends would come to him in prison, when he was recalled to his surroundings by the sound of the key turning the great bolt in the lock. Looking up, he saw the turnkey entering, with a young man close behind him, the latter holding his hat in his hand, peering eagerly over the shoulder of the jailor, and rushing forward the minute he could dodge from behind his guide.

"Hubert, my dear boy, how are you? I was down at Tideway when I heard you were in limbo, and I started straight for home, within the next hour, spoiling two good horses forever, that I might get here in time."

"God bless you!" repied Hubert Linwood, holding up his manacled hands, and with tears in his eyes. "I did not expect this."

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Fred Janeway, as he sat down upon the bed beside him. "I believe we were always friends, in the years past, and since you were here last I have done something in the legal line, and, in case my services are acceptable, I wish to offer them to you."

"I accept them gratefully, and you shall be liberally paid, although there may be some delay in the end."

"I trust you understand the motive that prompts this offer," said Fred, with something of the curt dignity of his father; and then, turning to the turnkey, he said:—"Leave us alone for three-quarters of an hour, and then I will be ready for you."

Waiting until the jailor was gone and was beyond hearing, the young lawyer turned to the prisoner.

"Now to business. Your trial will probably be called next week, unless you wish longer time to procure witnesses. I will spend an hour or two each day with you, and shall work day and night, heart and soul, to secure your acquittal."

"You won't succeed," was the calm reply of Hubert, as he leaned his head back against the wall and looked quietly in the face of his enthusiastic friend.

"Of course not, if I have no more spirit or ambition than you; but I am going into this business to win. I want to get the case fixed in my mind, in a sort of general way, this afternoon, and then I will take down the particulars to-morrow and digest them. To begin, then, at the beginning," he added, in his sharp, business-like manner. "Four years ago, this last month, the overseer and his wife, in the employ of Colonel Hawlett, living about half a mile from Ravenspur, were found murdered in their beds, and the house robbed of a large amount of money, the proceeds of a large sale of tobacco in Richmond, which the overseer, Jacob Gorgitt, was known to have in his possession. Suspicion pointing to the negroes, a careful examination of the houses and premises followed, resulting in the discovery of their innocence, and the fact that the terrible crime was committed by a white man. It was also found that an attempt had been made to fire the place, probably with a view of hiding all traces of the crime, but the assasin was evidently frightened away before he could complete his work. While these investigations were going on, two negroes, servants of Colonel Hawlett, declared that they had stolen away to Tideway that evening, without a permit from the overseer, and were returning about midnight when they saw your black horse, which they recognized, standing by the front door of Jacob Gorgitt's house. Feeling the curiosity natural to their race, they concealed themselves near by and waited for you to come out. You shortly after made your appearance, mounted your horse, and rode away, and they were about resuming their journey, when they were frightened by seeing smoke issuing from the closed windows and doors, and rushing in they managed, not without great difficulty, in stamping out the flames. Strict investigation revealed that these negroes spoke the simple truth—at least, so far as they were concerned. Every sign bore out their narrative, and it was proven that they were innocent of all participation in the crime.

"The names of these negroes were Cæsar and Pete, and, although they extinguished the fire, neither of them suspected the dreadful crime that had been committed, the fire having been started in the kitchen, where no signs of any foul play were to be seen. They supposed Gorgitt and his wife were absent from home, and they returned to the plantation, reaching it shortly after, and heard nothing of the murder until the morrow, when, Colonel Hawlett having roused the neighborhood, they told their story. Both affirmed, also, that at the moment Hubert Linwood mounted his horse and started to ride away, some man whom they did not know came along on foot, carrying a heavy cane in his hand, and that he said 'Good-evening, Mr. Linwood,' and that you replied, addressing him by a name which they did not catch. It so happened that this same person was present and came forward and confirmed what they said. He said there was a bright moon shining, and that he recognized you beyond all possibility of mistake. His name, if I recollect aright, was Willard Wilson, a resident of Tideway, who had known you from childhood, and who gave his evidence with great emotion, plainly only from a strong conviction of duty in the case. Colonel Hawlett was scarcely less moved; but suspicion of the gravest character pointed so unmistakably to you, that he had a warrant issued and a constable was sent to arrest you at the village-inn at Tideway. There you were found, with still stronger evidence of guilt upon you. There was blood upon your clothes and hands, and a large sum of money was found about your person—no doubt, at the time, the proceeds of your robbery and murder of Gorgitt the overseer.

"Your confusion upon being notified of the crime for which you had been arrested, your contradictory replies and explanations, only strengthened the conviction already existing in the minds of your acquaintances, and your guilt was considered as so far settled, beyond all peradventure, that the deepest and sympathy that Colonel Hawlett had felt were turned to wrath, and for a time he actually lost command of himself, so great was his rage toward you who had been accepted as the suitor of his daughter. You were placed under a strong guard within one of the servants' houses, until preparations could be made for taking you to Richmond. At this time, through the connivance of some friends (two of whom were the negro Cæsar and myself), you made your escape. I saw then that you would be sure to hang if brought to trial, as no jury in the world could fail to convict you in the face of such damning evidence. I believed implicitly in your innocence, and thought, by getting you out of the way until the excitement could die out somewhat, that you could then have a chance at the truth. We succeeding in making you think the same. You changed your determination of awaiting your trial, and left, through the assistance of a few friends, among whom were the two individuals before referred to. It was never known, except to those participating, by whose treachery your escape had been arranged. It was the first and last secret that Cæsar ever succeeded in keeping, and he would not have kept that except through the fear that his own death would have been the result of betrayal. It was at this time that a side-issue grew out of this affair, an occurrence which caused the thunderbolt to strike upon Ravenspur, and made full as great excitement as the murder itself; but, as that has no bearing upon the interests at stake, no further reference need be made to it. To make a lengthy story short, you succeeded in getting out of the country just in time to save your life, for none know better than you and I how hot the pursuit was, and how, after we were compelled to double on our pursuers, by what a hair's breadth you got away at last. Well, four years pass, and you appear upon his bench again, and this time you are not so fortunate. I find you in limbo, and the question is as to how we are going to help you out. Now, Hubert, I have made a rapid resume of the circumstances surrounding the crime with which you are charged. You have heard me through without any interruption. Have you detected any error in my narrative?"

"None at all," replied the prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

"Now," continued Fred Janeway, with all the volubility of a veteran lawyer, and with a cheerfulness that was contagious, as he slapped his unfortunate friend upon the shoulder, "we must understand this matter from the beginning. You are despairing, I am hopeful. I declare to you on my honor that I believe this dark mystery will be cleared up, and that you will never be called upon to suffer for a crime of which you are as innocent as I am."

"Tell me, my dear friend," said Hubert, with a yearning, melting look, "whether you believe in my innocence fully and entirely—whether in the four years past there never has been a moment when you doubted—whether you have never thought it possible that your Damon-like friendship to me had warped your judgment."

"Never, never, never," solemnly replied the young lawyer. "From that first woeful night, when fate seemed to turn against you, have I declared, in season and out of season, that you were guiltless. I have argued and even quarreled with my parents; I have made Colonel Hawlett rage like an exasperated lion—I have knocked down three or four men who infuriated me so much that I saw no other way of ending the discussion with them."

"Thank God for your devotion!" replied Hubert, in a choking voice, his eyes swimming in tears. "I have nothing in life to live for, but your words have reawakened a faint desire for life again."

"Why do you say you have nothing to live for? When you come out of this furnace without the smell of fire upon your garments, then will you not be happy with Evelyn Hawlett, the most beauteous and lovely maid in all Virginia, as your bride? What more can mortal man ask?"

Hubert sadly shook his head.

"Were Colonel Hawlett spared to see my acquittal, then it might be; but he uttered his prohibition long before he died, and never recalled it."

"Did he make no condition?"

"None; and with that prohibition still existing in all its force, no matter how complete my vindication before the community, I can never lead his daughter to the altar."

Fred Janeway sprang up from the bed, and paced rapidly back and forth across the narrow cell. A new suspicion and a new train of thought had risen in his mind, with the last remark of his friend; but the time had not yet come to speak about it. He resumed his place upon the bed beside the prisoner.

"Let us keep to the point. You will see, Hubert, that the case against you could not be much stronger than it is."

"So strong, indeed, that it is utterly hopeless."

"Not as bad as that—not as bad as that. But while we have the subject in hand, I want you to give me your version of that woeful night—that is, of the part you played in it."

"Well," said the prisoner, with a sigh, "I have very little to add to what you already know. On that night I remained rather longer than usual at Ravenspur, and when I came opposite Jacob Gorgitt's house it was close upon midnight. The horse was on a slow trot, the moon was overhead, full and clear, and when nearly opposite the gate I thought I heard a groan. My steed also showed some alarm, and thinking that possibly my assistance might be needed, I dismounted, tied him at the gate and knocked at the door. There was no re ponse, and all was dark. I was about to ride away, when a thought came over me that all was not right within. I lifted the latch and entered. There was no light within and I called Gorgitt several times without any answer. I groped my way through several rooms, unable to find a light, and tumbling over several chairs that seemed to be scattered about the room, but still I discovered nothing."

"Did you go upstairs?"

"No; because I stumbled and bruised myself so much, and got so turned around, that I was unable to find the door where the stairs were. I detected no fire, and concluded at last that it was all a mistake about my first impression, and I came out with the belief that Gorgitt and his wife were away from home, and that I could do no good by groping around the interior of his house. While I was in the act of mounting, Willard Wilson came along and bade me a good-evening; and I replied, without the least attempt to conceal my identity. I saw no one else and did not know that I was seen by any one, Cæsar and Peter, the negroes, being in hiding. I galloped back to Tideway, gave my horse in charge of the hostler, and made my way to my room, preparing for bed in the dark. I was awakened the next morning, and had my breakfast brought to my room. When the day was pretty well advanced, and I was on the point of sending for Doctor Janeway, the crowd appeared at my door, entered my room and arrested me. The blood upon my clothing, and indeed there was some found upon my hands, must have got there while I was groping about Gorgitt's house in the darkness. I never once encountered it, but its size, peculiar folding and direction are before me this minute. It won't do to let the old gentleman suspect what I am after," he added, with a smile upon his handsome face. "He must have imbibed his intense dislike of Hubert from Colonel Hawlett himself, and there is no use of attempting to conciliate him. So I shall have to employ a little strategy, and, in short, rob him of the missive, if so be that such a thing is really in existence."

The horse which Fred bestrode was a fine one, and carried him along at a sweeping gallop, without any apparent fatigue, for hour after hour. Occasionally he encountered travelers upon the road, and, whether he had witnessed the transaction before or not, he kept spurring and galloped on without slowing the speed of his horse. He was well aware that this lonely road more than once had been the scene of violence and bloodshed, and that there was some personal danger in passing over it alone at night, but he was personally brave, always went armed, and felt no misgiving. Once or twice he saw something in the shadows that looked suspicious, and diverted his mind from the absorbing theme of Hubert Linwood and his approaching trial. Twice he believed he was pursued, but, if such were the case, a little extra speed of his steed soon carried him beyond all danger.

The sun was just rising when he sprang off his horse in front of his father's house, and, resigning his animal to the fat negro Ned, who was just making his appearance, he entered his home, greeted his mother, and sat down to the breakfast-table with her. His father was absent, and there was no telling when he would return; so they chatted in their old, affectionate manner, and when the meal was finished, Fred stretched out upon the lounge in the dining-room to gain a little needed sleep. When he awoke, his mother told him that his father had returned and breakfasted, and was in his office preparing to go out again. The son sprang up and hastened to greet him before his departure.

The little old-fashioned office of Doctor Janeway adjoined his house, and when Fred entered it, just as he had done thousands of times, he found the old man engaged in the professional duty of making pills, and keeping up a conversation with a singular-looking personage, whose face wore a familiar look, but whom he failed to recognize at first sight.

"Good-morning, Ned," said Doctor Janeway, rolling a huge cathartic between his thumb and finger, which thereby excused his shaking hands with his son. "You return rather unexpectedly."

"Yes; I had a little matter to look after, and I thought I would take the opportunity while I could."

"Don't you remember Mr. Higgens, Ned?"

"How do you do, sir?" was the response of the young lawyer, as he advanced and took his hand. "It has been some time since I saw you, and you have so changed in appearance that I could not identify you until father spoke your name."

Jubal Higgens was about fifty years old, small, very thin and nervous, with grizzly hair that stood up all over his head like bristles, large black, gleaming eyes that shone with a strange lustre, and were ever flitting in a restless, peculiar way. His face was covered clear to his cheek-bones with a straggling beard of black and grey, through every part of which, on account of its scattered appearance, the yellow, parchment-like skin could be seen. The thin lips always seemed to be drawn back, displaying the white, carnivorous-looking teeth, and making the face one of the most disagreeable ones that it is possible to imagine. Fred had seen him years before, when he was more in flesh, but he was the man whom he abominated above all others, and he was surprised at himself that he did not recognize him on the instant. When he took his hand the fingers were cold, nerveless, and so like a raven's claw that the lawyer felt a chill run over him, and he dropped the member with an ill-concealed shudder.

Mr. Higgens stepped back a few paces, resumed his chair without opening his lips, and sat with his wild, tiger-like eyes fixed inquiringly upon the young man, as if waiting to hear him speak.

Fred knew, further, that there was some secret bond of friendship between this individual and his father, and he had often speculated as to what it could be, and wondered how anyone with the discriminination of the old doctor could tolerate such a man in his presence. He was resolved that Mr. Higgens should get precious little information from him.

"Well, Fred," said his father, still keeping up his work, "I suppose you are head-and-ears in the case of Mr. Hubert Linwood vs. the Commonwealth of Virginia."

"Yes; I had an interview with the prisoner yesterday and am to act as his counsel in his trial, which comes on next week."

"Does he seem hopeful at all?"

"It appears impossible to inspire anything like hope in him. He says there is no escape from the gallows, and he is resigned to his fate, although he feels it keenly."

It was the wish of Fred to avoid any discussion with his father upon this matter, especially in the presence of this most objectionable third person. No good could result from any such discussion, as their views were so diametrically opposite and so fixed that there was no changing either.

"I am afraid you have undertaken a very difficult case," said Mr. Higgens, his harsh voice being heard for the first time since the three had been together.

"Yes, an utterly hopeless one," added the father.

Fred was now seated in a careless attitude, and he replied in that indifferent but highly suggestive way of his:—

"Not hopeless by any means. I expect to receive light upon this dark subject—light of which very few dream."

"Ah! you have gained a clue, then?" asked Mr. Higgens, with his ghastly grin, while the old doctor looked inquiringly toward his son, who was not verdant enough to be caught in this style.

"It would be unprofessional in me to reveal any of the secrets of my client, but I can promise you, I think, that there will be a first-class sensation in this neighborhood before this business is finished up. That is the utmost I can say at present, but look out."

The old doctor and Mr. Higgens both looked as if they would like very much to ask a few more questions, but they could not do so in the face of the speaker's declension to say any further upon the matter.

I may as well explain here that this boasting of Fred Janeway was based upon scarcely any foundation at all. He had a purpose in making such assertions, for, once or twice before, by so doing he had made a point or two.

Some unimportant conversation followed, when Mr. Higgens rose, and, remarking to the doctor that he would see him again before night, passed out the office.

"I have now completed my preparations," said the doctor, addressing his son, "and Ned has brought the gig around to the door, so that I shall have to go out. Will you wait until I return?"

"How long do you expect to be gone?"

"I will be back between now and noon."

"All right. I will take dinner with you, and then my horse will be rested enough to start back to Richmond."

"Will you remain in the office?"

"For a while, at least. It seems cosy and comfortable here, and I may take a seat at your desk to prepare some papers."

"Very well," returned the old physician, as he put on his hat, drew on his gloves and passed out to his gig, which went bobbing off in its usual fashion down the road.

Fred stood at the little window watching the carriage of his father until it had disappeared from view for some time, when he turned about and addressed himself to the business that had brought him hither. He first fastened the two doors of the office, so as to secure himself against interruption, and then approached the old, worn, quaintly-carved desk of his father, not without a certain feeling of guilt that made him uncomfortable.

"I can't say that I admire myself very much while engaged in this business," he muttered. "It looks decidedly mean for me to go rummaging through father's papers, but in this case, at least, the end must justify the means."

He stared aghast at the pile of receipts, notes, letters, bonds, deeds, and all sorts of papers that connected him from numerous pigeon-holes and drawers, some of which were a half century old. They were tied up with twine and put away without much regard to order or arrangement, but doubtless in such a way that the owner himself could place his hands upon anything he might wish.

"These must be put back precisely in the positions in which they are taken out," he reflected, as he looked upon them. "If I am going to play the part of thief, it must not be that of a bungling one."

So he began with the first package, not untying the string, but looking at the ends of each one. All the time he had a clear picture in his mind of the one which he was seeking, and he knew that he would recognize it the moment it met his eye.

"If I have only seen it in a dream, it is not likely that I shall place hand upon it again, for I am not a believer in signs, omens, warnings and such tales of old women; but I don't want father to find out that I have been prowling about here."

Carefully he went over each bundle, without unfastening a single one, and disturbing as little as possible the dust accumulated upon them. A full hour was thus occupied, and when he had completed the search he had seen nothing at all of the paper which had haunted him for the last twenty-four hours, nor anything, indeed, resembling it.

"It must be that it was a fancy of mine," he mused, as he stood back and confronted the array of MSS. before him. "It was all a mistake——"

He sprang almost from the floor, with a sudden shuddering shock from head to foot, as a thundering knock was heard upon the door. Hastily lowering the lid of the desk, he assumed as unconcerned an air as possible and walked to the door. There stood Jubal Higgens, grinning and glaring upon the outside.

"Has the doctor returned?"

"He will probably be back in the course of an hour. Will you come in and wait?"

"No; I guess not. Tell him when he returns that I want to see him up at the House."

"Where's that?"

"He'll know. I was the reply of Higgens, as he turned about and walked away.

Fred closed the door, but did not lock it, as he considered his search at an end.

He sat down in his father's big cushioned chair and wheeled it around so as to confront the tiers of bottles, drugs, jars, cans and various paraphernalia that go to make up the principal furniture of a country physician's office.

"Perhaps father has other places in which he keeps his papers," he thought, "but, if so, I can hardly bring myself to hunt for them. It is an act of injustice toward him which I can never permit myself to commit."

He paused, for just then his eye rested upon a large bottle of white powder on a shelf above his head, behind which he saw the end of a folded paper.

"Now, wouldn't it be singular if it should prove to be the document for which I am searching, and, as sure as I live, it is!"

Sure enough, as he held it in his hand, he observed that it was the identical instrument which he must have seen once before, and which was the perfect representation of the idea he had had in his mind all along. It was unsealed and addressed to Doctor Janeway in a large firm hand, which he recognized at once as that of Colonel Percy Hawlett. Opening it without hesitation, he noted that it was written about a month before that officer's death. There were but a few sentences, and they were in an easily use to himself, Hubert Linwood or Evelyn Hawlett *at present*, but they might be at some time in the future, provided certain improbable things should occur.

"At any rate I shall take possession of it," he said, as he carefully folded up the paper, and placed it in his pocketbook, "and when I get to Richmond I shall put it where no one can get access to it besides myself."

Fred had no more than completed this petty and perhaps excusable theft, when he heard the gig of his father at the gate, and went out to meet him. When he delivered the message left by Jubal Higgens, the old doctor's face assumed an anxious expression, and he muttered:—

"That's bad; I was afraid of it; I shall have to go there at once."

As there was no telling when he would return, Fred bade him good-bye, saying that he probably would not be back in Tideway until after the conclusion of the trial. So Doctor Janeway wheeled about and was off again, while his "boy" went in the house to take dinner with his mother and make ready for his return to Richmond.

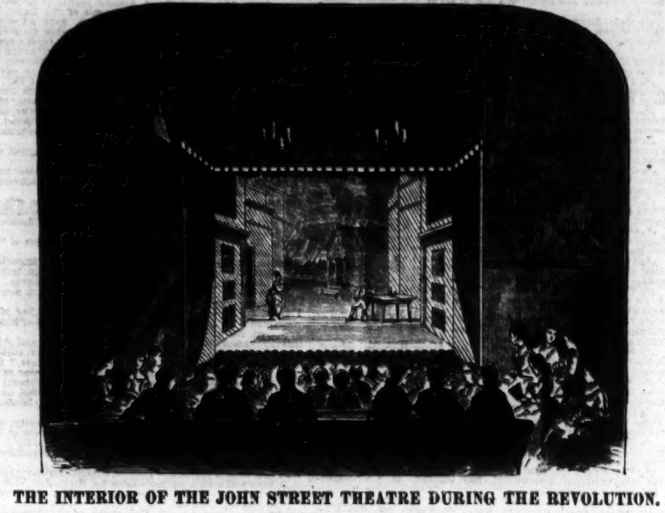
As Fred had gone somewhat into the detective business, he resolved to dip a little more into it before leaving the neighborhood. The scene of the tragedy referred to lay off on a sort of branch road, some distance from Ravenspur, and which could be taken by him without much loss of time. The house had remained empty for several months after the death of the Gorgitts, but was then taken possession of by the new overseer, Mr. Brown, who with his wife and half-a-dozen children had occupied it ever since. Fred proposed to question them somewhat, as it might be that they had discovered some clue which, knowing its importance, and accordingly, with a parting kiss for his mother, he galloped off in that direction.

His route led him in the direction of Ravenspur, and he encountered numerous acquaintances on the way, but his haste would not permit him to do more than nod to them as they met. In order to reach the house for which he was searching, it was necessary to pass through a small stretch of wood, into which he spurred his horse without hesitation, and at his usual easy, swinging gallop. And just as he reached the other side of the grove he was amazed to meet the very person he least expected to see, and the one, of all others, whom he wished to avoid while the trial of Hubert Linwood was upon his hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW A JUDGE WON FOUR DOLLARS.—Accused of having "come the strap-game" over a countryman, a notorious scamp was brought before an Onondaga justice. Wishing to decide understandingly, the judge asked to see a sample of the scamp's skill, whereupon the latter produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench and remarked:—"You see, judge, the quarter under the strap?" "What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?" "Sartin!" was the reply. "So such a thing!" said the justice. "I'll go you a dollar on it!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Agreed!" said the justice. With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter. "Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar, and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

AN ABSENT-MINDED gentleman, writing a letter at the breakfast table, dipped his pen into his coffee and continued his letter. Noticing his mistake, he put a lump of sugar in the ink, and then, finding his second blunder, poured the contents of the ink-stand into the coffee-pot to set it right.



THE INTERIOR OF THE JOHN STREET THEATRE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

For Sketch see Page 348.

WE HATE NOT, AS WE LOVE NOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I know thee too well to believe thee,
Thy vows never dwell in my heart;
No longer our souls in communion agree,
For false and deceitful thou art.

Having ceased to revere and to love thee,
My heart shall forget and forgive,
The arrow of hate shall not wound thee;
For hate in my bosom can't live.

Thou knowest I honored and loved thee,
That lily heart was as ice and as steel.
Ah, why didn't thou teach me to love then?
Why wert thou so cruel? Wilt thou tell?

But no, I have ceased to believe thee—
Let silence thy bosom pervade.
Let bygones be bygones, but on thee
My soul shall look calmly as dead.

W. J. O'REARDON

THREE TIMES.

III.—THE THIRD TIME.

It was three years later in the life of the lion-tamer, and he was performing for three nights only at a sea-coast town in the north of England, a dreary little place enough, whither he had strayed from the rich manufacturing districts where his harvests were wont to be so plenteous—a dismal little town, beside which the sea seemed to howl more dolefully than by other shores; a stony High street, a damp, windy fish-market, a beach of great loose pebbles, and a long wooden jetty stretching out to sea, and slippery always with slime and weed, dead fish and other refuse of the great ocean.

Three years! And yet on his benefit night at Spindlecum, Herr Prusinowski had talked about retiring on his laurels in a year. He had not been doing badly, either, prosperity had followed all his wanderings; but the human mind is elastic in its estimate of money, and Herr Prusinowski's notions of the fortune he ought to retire upon had widened with the passage of time.

"Another six months, little woman," he said, "and I'll sell the beasts by auction, and take a public-house," which was his notion of peace and retirement.

"I wish it was to be to-morrow, William," the little woman answered sadly. "I shall never know a happy moment till you're done with those animals."

The first two nights at Lowshore, this obscure northern seaport, had been tolerably successful. The theatre was the mouldiest old barn, perhaps, that had ever been dedicated to public entertainment, and was opened about once in two years for a week or so of transient splendor, when some wandering star of the dramatic firmament, more wildly speculative than his brethren, essayed his fortunes at Lowshore, and informed the nobility and gentry of the district that he was about to appear for six nights only in a round of favorite characters. Rarely as the doors of the temple were open, the denizens of Lowshore were not wont to rush with remarkable unanimity to the shrine. It would have seemed, indeed, as if the drama were a dead letter in the seaport, the audience which came to be subdued by pity and terror being generally restricted to some two or three dozen seafaring men smelling strongly of fish, a sprinkling of boys, and a dash of brightness and color in the shape of young women in service, or fishermen's wives and daughters.

But what the drama, whether legitimate or illegitimate, failed to do, the lions succeeded in doing. They drew very fair houses—not the nobility and gentry, as represented by one elderly peer, whose estates bordered Lowshore, but who was rarely known to inhabit his great stone castle, preferring a little box at Richmond, stuffed with rare old silver and costly carios; and the vicar; but the shopkeepers and their young men and maidens; the few visitors and lodging-house proprietors; all the seafaring men and their families; the maids of all work and dasher boys; the policeman off duty, and a sprinkling of farmers from inland farms. It was late in October, the very dreariest time of the year, and Herr Prusinowski had come to Lowshore in a speculative humor, just to fill up a blank week in his winter programme.

The house was nearly full the first night, a trifle less well attended the second, and on the third a considerable falling off was apparent. Still it was a very fair house for Lowshore. There was a cheerful sprinkling of the pit, a very good gallery. The boxes alone had a cavernous and dismal aspect. The box audience—the upper middle class of Lowshore, tradespeople and lodging letters—had exhausted itself. Herr Prusinowski had brought a dramatic company of three with him to support the lions, and in the course of the evening's entertainment with a couple of farces or comedietts. This company consisted of a light comedian, a low comedian and a comedy lady. The light comedian was the aspiring De la Zouche, who had blossomed from a walking gentleman into the popular provincial Charles Mathews—white hat, patent-leather boots, light green trousers, cane, and rapid utterance. The performances began with "Delicate Ground," and were to conclude with the "Secret," a farce of an ancient and respectable character.

The lion-tamer, who was a spoilt child of fortune, had a supreme contempt for bad houses, and with a flagrant injustice was wont to wreak upon the innocent few who did come to see him that wrath inspired by the guilty many who stopped away. That he should, to-day, be lashed the scanty but admiring audience by scamping his performance and depriving them of their just due. The dramatic company were accustomed to empty benches and a barren dress circle.

The weather was against Herr Prusinowski on this particular evening. The north wind came howling across the German Ocean as if they were intent upon sweeping Lowshore from the face of the earth, driving a salt-flavored sleet before them, which well-nigh blinded the adventurous pedestrian. The Herr expressed himself very forcibly about the weather, as he took leave of his family before setting out for the theatre. The comedietta was just over as he went in at the stage-door, and he had to dress in a hurry, struggling into his close-fitting raiment, and girding himself with scarlet and gold, while a feeble little orchestra of four—clarionet, flute, and two fiddles—played some old-fashioned country dance tunes, what time the audience regaled themselves with prawns and porter. The three lions looked tremendously big on the small stage, awfully real against the background of faded scenery. Robinson was out of sorts. He was sensitive upon the subject of weather, and had an especial aversion to high winds; perhaps some hereditary yearning for Libyan sands or Asia's burning sky—personally he could know nothing about either, having been born in Whitechapel—may have affected him at such times; at any rate the fact remained, cold or blusterous weather disturbed his leonine mind.

The feeble little orchestra made a great struggle to produce a soul-inspiring chord, and came out superbly, the second violin a trifle in the rear. Herr Prusinowski bounded on to the stage from a rocky set piece, and began his work rather languidly, handling Robinson with a certain amount of caution.

He had got through half his performance, and was leading the three lions round the stage on their hind feet, to the stirring music of the march in "Blue Beard"—stirring even from those poor, feeble players—when he heard the opening and shutting of a door at the back of the boxes. He looked up quickly. A gentleman in evening dress was seating himself deliberately in the centre place, a pale-complexioned man, with straight, reddish hair. The lion-tamer's heart turned cold. It was the man he had seen at Manchester and Spindlecum, the man whose presence, by some morbid fancy, he associated with the idea of peril to himself. During the last three years he had seen always more or less on the lookout for this man, and had never seen him—had begun to congratulate himself upon the probability that he would finish his public career without ever performing before him again; and here he was, in this remote seaport town, watching him with the same eager eyes and hungry face, watching as men watched the gladiators in old time, greedy for their blood.

If he could have brought the entertainment to an abrupt conclusion that instant he would have done so. He would have willingly returned the people their money and sacrificed the night's profits to escape performing before that man. He was half inclined to plead sudden illness, bring down the curtain with an apology, but to do that would be to confess himself afraid of that man. "Pshaw—nonsense!" he muttered to himself; "the man's no use that I'm afraid of him. *Faster!*" he called out to the orchestra, "faster and louder!" and as the music quickened, he urged the animals with his whip.

Robinson, *alias* Moloch, resented the impertinence with a suppressed roar, and from that moment Rudolph Prusinowski lost his presence of mind and lost his temper. He was determined to bate not one of his tricks, to demonstrate to that cold-blooded wretch in the boxes that he was not afraid of him. He made the animals do more work than usual, looking defiantly at that watchful face in the boxes all the while. The little theatre shook with applause, the pit rose to him, as the good old saying went to say; the gallery rang with bravos.

All in a moment, at the last, in the crowning feat which was to conclude the performance, the bravos changed to an awful shout of horror. No one could say how it happened, the brute's movements were too rapid for human eyes to follow. Herr Prusinowski was lying on the stage, mangled and torn, the lion crouching upon him. The keeper and a couple of brawny scene-shifters rushed upon the stage; they dragged him from under the infuriated beast insensible and covered with blood, and carried him off to the dressing-room, where the two rival surgeons of Lowshore came rushing in to him five minutes afterward. Surg

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, corner of Clinton and Leonard streets. Box 3,380, New York P. O.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All information to us seeking information will be answered through this paper, when of a public character, and of sufficient value only.

J. W. R., Warrenton, Va.—1. Col. C. T. Ames was shot in an affray at Dawson, Ga., on Nov. 3d, and died on the following day. Bills of indictment were found against John M. Kelly, Gilchrist Kelly and William R. Russell, but owing, we believe, to the influence of the prosecuting attorney to compel the attendance of persons concerned in the affair as witnesses, the parties escaped punishment. John R. Kelly was tried for the murdered David Gilchrist, a citizen who was killed in the affray, and convicted of voluntary manslaughter; but he and his brother Charles broke jail and escaped before sentence had been pronounced. 2. We do not know the present whereabouts of the lady.

Subscriber.—If no forfeit is made, two partial playing, first player boards an 8 spot, opponent an 11, scores 2 for 11, and first player puts down another 8, one King is, and scores 3 for pair; opponent plays a 6, pairing 8, and claims a Sequence of 3, counting 6, and 3 for pair, making 9. Is that correct?.....No; the first player had no claim for "Pyramis for his second 6, and his opponent could only claim 3 for a run with his 6, and one point to it from the last card.

H. B., Henderson, Ky.—Your question was correctly answered. Your bet was on Greeley, provided that neither of the candidates died before the election. Greeley did not die until after the election, and your bet was decided by that event. If you had specified college votes instead of "election," then the bet would have been a draw, as it is.

Ed. A. B., Waterville, Me.—1. The Hambletonian stock of horses are those which were sired by Rysdick's Hambletonian, or his sons. This horse was by Abdallah (grandsire of Mambrino, and grandsire of Hambletonian), out of Miss Russell, by imported Bellfounder. 2. Goldsmith Maid was by Edwin Forrest, out of Rysdick's Hambletonian, out of an Abdallah mare. 3. Dexter is a record.

Citizen, Chicago.—We have had access to the accounts of proprietors of the Chicago theatres, and, from the best information in this country, it will be impossible to say which theatre was the most successful among the many extensive and handsome ones that were opened. The Grand Opera House, New York, and the Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass. 2. As the *Lapse* you mention is not finished, and we have never seen it, we cannot state whether it will equal, surpass or fall short of the Great Eastern. 3. There are several Grand Central Depots in this country, but we presume you refer to that which Commodore Vanderbilt has erected in this city, to cover passenger trains of the New York Central Railroad.

Kranzer, Louisville, Ky.—The match between Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, L. I., in 1866. He died at Utica, N. Y., March 8th, 1869. 2. C. Boniface was a member of the stock company of the Bowery Theatre, New York, when "Pyramus and Thisbe" was performed there. 3. The largest audience that ever assembled in the New Bowery Theatre 4,500 persons were present at one entertainment.

W. C. A., Adrian, Mich.—As A. failed to perform that which he bet on, viz., "to make a Sequence," we, therefore, decide that he showed the horses ran a dead heat. Such is our invariable practice in similar cases, although we are aware that we differ from the custom of the turf in doing so. We are governed solely by the simple meaning of the words of the bet in so deciding.

W. S., Suffield, Conn.—At the present time there is no theatre on the Broadway in that city. The one of that name was burned down on Broadway near Broome street, on the left-hand side going up. The old Broadway was between Worth and Pearl sts., on the right hand side.

Lacrosse, Baltimore, Md.—In selling a story you sell all right and title to the publisher, unless an agreement to "the contrary is entered into at the time, and then it should be stated, when the story is published, that the right of dramatization is reserved by the author.

Sport, New Orleans.—If the match was made for a trotting match, then 2 could not enter a racer for it, as the latter is under obligation to trot if nothing was said, then D must forfeit the $400 down, as it was immaterial about the horse being sold.

L. B., New Orleans.—As we understand Mr. Ubassy's proposition; and as Mr. Dion also understands it, he who should score 3500 points three times out of the four trials, or who should have the most points to his credit in case each should win two of the 3000 point games, would be declared winner of the match.

A. E. A., Jamestown, N. Y.—1. Probably a 60 ft. round top. 2. Circus performers do not deposit money with managers to secure their engagements. 3. We have not heard of any circus company adopting the new style of seat. 4. Jacob Showles is one of the proprietors of the Show-les circus and variety company.

Horse Jockey, St. John, N. B.—The symptoms you describe in "Those Jockeys," which, when taken internally, is the ointment of bichloride of mercury is frequently beneficial. We would advise you to consult Dr. A. S. Coopeman, 63 West Thirty-seventh street, New York, stating in detail the symptoms.

Footman, Philada.—In the majority of the United States, a foreigner cannot take out his second papers of citizenship until after a residence of five years in the country. Which state had a 4 months residence in the country?

Pyrasmus, Alleghany.—The shooter has no right to leave the score, even if the bird walks away from the trap. The rule says:—"If a bird walks away from the trap three yards in any direction, the referee may declare the no bird."

J. D., New Haven, Conn.—1. J. H. Milburn made his first appearance in America at Cincinnati, O., on Sept. 26th, 1870. 2. Mr. Stewart gave $30,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago fire.

F. P. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—C. who made the trump, is the only one who can play it alone. The rule is, that only the person who commands the responsibility of the trump, by either ordering up, taking up or making the trump, can play a lone hand.

New Bedford.—1. S must deal again, C having gone out on his 10, previous deal. 2. The Samuel Colt pistol was patented in America by E. D. Davis, Bill Young and H. E. Buermeyer. 3. William Lang never ran a level mile in 4 min.

T. A. Ward, Philadelphia.—We have examined the notice, but we fail to see any cause for our complaint. Our correspondent, probably, was unaware of your being in the profession before Browne appeared in public.

E. H. Chamberlain, Troy.—Billy Edwards won the title of lightweight champion by defeating the party mentioned at Cherry Point, Va. He subsequently forfeited it by refusing to accept challenges.

Farmers House, Stillwater, Minn.—1. "Banking" for the cigars should not be considered playing billiards. 2. "Playing for a friend and making five shots" (or even less) in a game certainly is playing billiards, and should be forfeited.

W. T. L., Richmond, Va.—A player has, at billiards, an unquestioned right to jump his ball off the table, but, strictly speaking, bystanders have no right to catch it at the demand of the player, or even touch it.

Gamp.—A having dealt and turned down the trump, B, who made it, was the only one who could go it alone. A had no right to play alone against him, and if he, A, euchres B, it only counts two points.

James Sayre.—1. The steamship Great Eastern first arrived at this port June 28th, 1860. 2. John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought at Farnsborough, Eng., April 17th, 1860. 3. The Prince of Wales arrived at New York from England, October 11th, 1860.

W. S., Platte City, Lincoln County, Neb.—Your question against the throw for the absentee, not being made until after the last throw, was too late. It ought to have been made at the time. The highest throw, 10 points, is 6 aces.

C. R. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. At cribbage 3 trays and 3 aces count 18; viz., 10 by fifteens, 6 for pair royal, and 2 for pair of 6's. 2. Four aces and a tray count 24:—12 by fifteens and 12 for double pair royal.

H. T., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Your proper course would be to apply in person to some manager, and let him hear and see what you can do. 2. The verses as written are fair, but we have more than we can find room for at present.

J. E. T., Newton, Mass.—Letters addressed to the parties named in care of the *Rev.* No. 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng., with a request that they shall be forwarded, ought to reach them.

F. Mc., Providence, R. I.—1. At forty-five, if a man holds the ace and neglects to rob, he forfeits his hand. The dealer can not be opposed counting in the spot to take three cards off the top of the pack, or leave three at the bottom.

Happy Jack, Hopkinton, Mass.—1. Practice some specialty until you can excel in it and then apply for an engagement. 2. The ring of dollars beats the ace of spades at forty-five, hearts being trumps.

Rawdon, Phila.—If $5 detected that the dealer had given him too many cards before he raised them, he can demand the dealer to take them back and give him the number wanted. If he raised the cards after being helped, then he forfeits his hand.

Lacrosse, Baltimore, Md., and Iowa.—1. Only the dealer and beggar have any votes in the matter; the other players have nothing to say. 2. Send to Ed. James, 88 Centre street, New York, for "How Gamblers Win." price 50 cents.

Buccaneer, Jefferson, Pa.—1. Dexter's time was beaten twice by Goldsmith Maid, at Milwaukee Sept. 6th, 1871, when she trotted a mile in 2:17; and at Mystic Park, Boston, June 19th, 1872, when she trotted in 2:16¼.

T. S. B., Lawrenceville, N. J.—1. Geo. Seward is credited with having skated 30 miles in one hour. 2. No. 3. No; the best one on record, on the running turf, is 1:43¾, by Alarm, at Saratoga, N. Y.

Subscriber, Reisen.—Where a criminal has been sentenced by a United States Court, the President has the pardoning power; in all other cases that power is vested in the Governor of the State in which the convict was convicted.

Dispatch Boy, Troy, N. Y.—We have applied to the Secretary of the N. Y. C. for the information desired, but he is without the necessary data to answer your question; consequently, we cannot enlighten you.

John McMahon.—If a player passes out on the second time round, after all the players have chipped on the first round, he scores 1 point.

G. H. D., W., Philadelphia.—C loses the bet, as B's ace scores before A's deuce, and he, B, therefore, made the first three points before A.

Havens, Chattanooga, Tenn.—If there are so many players in the game that the cards become exhausted in the draw, they must be put together again, shuffled and re-dealt.

Rake, N. N. Y.—The Cyclopedia of Card Games can be purchased of the author, Harry Macarthy, who can be addressed in care of this office.

C. W., Winnecomme Station.—1. They were confined to 124lbs. in both their fights. 2. Billy Madden has been in this city for some time past.

J. Fitzgerald, Brooklyn, L. I.—1. Jim Mace received forfeit of $50 or $25, we are not certain which, from Tom Sayers. 2. Mace forfeited $30 and $20, respectively, to Mike Maddox.

John Barry, Kawkawlin, Mich.—We never heard of a boxer of that name in this country (but Bill Gardiner (the Bill Gardiner) beat Bill Charles, 30 rounds, at Ragland, Eng., March 29th, 1859.

W. D. R., Nashville, Tenn.—Mr. Leffingwell has acted at the Broadway Theatre, Woods's Theatre, the Tammany and Niblo's Gardens, in this city.

Billy, Worcester, Mass.—1. G. L. Fox was born in Boston, Mass., in 1825. 2. Charles K. Fox was born in the same city on Aug. 14th, 1853. 3. She is an American.

C. C.—You bet the last, which was not decided by the result of the election previous to Mr. Greeley's death, and not by the vote in the Electoral College.

A. B., Ottumwa, Iowa.—We do not know the whereabouts of Tom Coleman, comedian, but a letter addressed to him in care of the Clipper should reach him.

"Harrison's Lafayette," Phila.—The largest run at billiards is 1,463, made by John McDevitt, Jan. 8th, 1868, at Cooper Institute, in this city.

J. G. B., Wolcottville.—A is entitled to the ball he pocketed, and also to continue play, after the ball disturbed has been returned to its proper position.

M. F. Y., Nashua, N. H.—Jim Mace defeated the party you mention near New Orleans, La., May 16th, 1870, ten rounds being fought in 44 minutes.

G. B., Fenton.—Send to any of the firms who advertise boxing gloves in the Clipper, giving the name of your state, and they will forward the goods.

O. K. and A. B.—Yankee Sullivan beat Hammer Lane at Crookham Corner, Eng., 19 rounds being fought in 34 minutes, Feb. 3d, 1841.

F. C. B., Atlanta.—The books we know of on the subject are Sabine's "Duels and Dueling" and Steinmetz's "Romance of Dueling," which you can order through Ed. James, who ad vertises.

D. Fenn D., Federic, O.—We cannot give you the post office address of James de Mott, but a letter addressed to him in care of the Clipper will reach him.

E. G. R., Nashville, Tenn.—You will find the route of Smith's Ball Ringers and Charley Harrison, humorist, in our musical summary nearly every week.

Y. U. D., Holly Springs, Miss.—Sporting news will be at all times acceptable. We issue cards only to amusement corrrespondents.

Constant Reader.—The lady is the wife of the gentleman you name, but we cannot tell you how long she has been upon the stage.

F. J. Mc, Pittsburgh, Pa.—George M. Kelley, on August 30th, 1866, at Corinth, Miss., cleared seventeen horses, which is the best leaping on record.

J. J., Cleveland, O.—"The Bottle," "Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life," "The Drunkard's Warning" and "Fruits of the Wine Cup" are suitable temperance plays for the purpose you name.

Charles Bacon, Atlanta, Ga.—The steamship Great Eastern is either 680 feet or 691 feet in length. We are not certain which, as the published descriptions vary.

J. C. Utica, N. Y.—We believe the gyro-pieces are for sale somewhere, but the parties apparently do not care to advertise them, and we do not feel inclined to do it for them gratuitously.

C. P.—1. Mr. Tom Brosck won the Goodwood Cup in 1861. 2. Dimpler ran in the Derby of 1868, won by Mr. Merry's Thormanby.

J. M., Cincinnati, O.—1. The first regular engagement of the war between Prance and Germany took place at Saarbrucken, in Rhenish Prussia, August 2d, 1870. 2. Texas voted for Greeley.

J. W. A., Holden, Mo.—1. At casino both players scoring enough points to go out, the game is drawn. 2. No one ace has precedence over the other at cadine.

H. M., Newark, N. J.—1. The price of the Guide is $2. 2. An advertisement of 10 lines, under the head of amusements, will cost $4.75 for each insertion.

Mike Boyce, Chicago.—1. We cannot decide as to the two hotels, one being burnt down and the other unfinished. 2. Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, having won 10 and drawn 1, out of 20 fights.

J. V., Decatur, Ill.—The Roman Catholics claim to have more members than any other religious denomination in the United States, but the total number of Protestants exceeds the Catholics.

Reporter, Memphis, Tenn.—1. Dobson's beaks are considered among the best in this city. 2. We do not think that an Exposition will be held in this city during the present year.

S. H. R.—If you will purchase an acting copy of "The Comedy of Errors" you will find the counterpart of the two Dromios, as performed by Fox and Rice, described there.

Tony Denier.—"The Last Rose of Summer" was composed a short time prior to the first production of the opera of "Martha," and the composer of that opera appropriated it to his own use.

H. C., Montreal.—If no one raises the bet before the cards have been drawn, it cannot come in and raise it again until the cards are dealt.

[illegible] Scotia, belonging to Canada's [illegible] 120 tons of coal daily, being the largest quantity [illegible] any Eastern steamer.

A. P.—A regular commissioner of the U. S. navy has no the right nor the power to place the chief engineer of the vessel under arrest.

H. R. K.—1. Robert Heller has played two different airs on the piano at the same time, while whistling a third—never more. 2. Instances have occurred where the hair has grown.

Inquirer, Kalamazoo, Mich.—Blue Agate Wallace is one of the Wallace sisters. Two companies can make more money than one.

F. C. B., Manchester, N. H.—You make no mention of the Merrimack Variation, and do not give the date of Bloodgood's performance.

G. B., Nashua.—1. What do you mean by the English Grand National Spring and Fall Meetings? 2. Charles the "English Roper" is dead; but the French horse Gladiateur is living.

R. J. S., Cherryhill, O.—You can recover your stolen property from the person in whose possession it is found, but he can recover damages from the party who sold it to him.

Subscriber.—We believe that Andrew Haliday's dramas of "Hell" and "King O'Neale" have never been performed in America.

Reader, Tarrytown, Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Dion Donnelly with Barney Williams of England, nor did he ever fight for the championship. 2. The channel record is recently to that direction.

Jerry Wise, Delaware.—The correct spelling of the name of the builder of Nelson's Column is Gandon. Is this right?

Ed. C. S., Pratt, the latest situation. Is this one of our readers oblige him, or is the profession? Notice?

Anonymous.—Bill Poole was shot between 11 o'clock, [illegible] and 4 o'clock A. M. on Feb. 26th, 1855. He died on March 7th, and was buried on the 10th.

Ben Bearss, Manistee, Mich.—At Greeley did carry six states in the general presidential election. It was [illegible]

Subscriber.—We believe Messrs. Waterbury, Conn.—D. A. Strong published McGill & Strong's Mirror of Ireland.

W. C., Benton, Mass.—Address a letter to Prof. Nichols, gladiator, in care of the Clipper.

Reader, Erie, Pa.—Address a letter to him, specifying his line of business, in care of this office.

C. H. S., Amherst, Mass.—His opponent can only score five, being the points he omitted scoring.

C. S.—In the regular game of euchre there is no card that can beat the right bower.

F. H. K., Woodstown, N. J.—A letter addressed in care of Clipper will reach him.

Lagrange, Pottsville, Pa.—Apply to Ed. James, whose address appears among our sporting advertisements.

J. J., Worcester, Mass.—The fastest mile time on record, in running, is 1:43¾, made by Alarm, at Saratoga, July 17th, 1872.

Ed. C. H., Philadelphia.—Your old bill is a valuable addition to our collection, and will be given a place at an early day.

J. G., Kingston, Canada.—Received, and will be published as soon as space permits.

J. H. S., Bay City, Mich.—There were marble fronts in Chicago before the deluge—of fire.

J. D., Jefferson, Texas.—See answer to T. G. D., Holly Springs, Miss.

J. F. H., Jerome, N. Y.—The character of Pauline Markham in "The Alhambra" was acted by Pauline Markham.

Amateur, Lynn, Mass.—Mr. Hamilton, the balloon acrobat, may be addressed in care of this office.

Equestrian.—Charles W. Fish, equestrian, is performing in London, Eng.

C. E. H.—It is not prepared with sufficient care for publication, and is therefor declined.

Clog Dancer, Lasalle, Ill.—Send to Ed. James as per his advertisement, and he will forward you the book you want that subject.

W. G., Springfield, Mass.—When last heard from they were traveling with a panorama entitled Hiberniana.

J. T. G., Milford.—All organised beings are animals, therefore man is an animal.

H. L. B., Fort Wallace, Kan.—No. 3 Park row, N. Y. Subscription, $5 per annum.

T. S. B., Frankfort, Ind.—The fastest time for one mile ever trotted by Goldsmith Maid is 2:16¼, made at Mystic Park, Boston.

R. N., Galesburg, Ill.—The advertisement costs $1.50 for each insertion.

J. H. S.—In English law courts the jury must all agree before a verdict can be rendered.

H. Mills.—The price of Lillywhite's Guide for 1873 is seventy-five cents. It can be had at Peck & Snyder's, in this city.

Frank.—No such publication has been published, if we except Munro's "American Game of Ball," now out of print.

H. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Stadt Theatre, N. Y., is the Germania.

C. C. Jr.—Miss Pauline Markham has two natural as well as beautiful eyes.

R. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—We believe that he was born in Baltimore, Md., and he is about 28 years of age.

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M. C.—Cash in advance, the notice will cost $6.

C. F. Adams.—They were caps, we believe.

J. D.—They were named last week.

E. K.—Miss Madelaine Henriques.

A. M.—The gentleman is married.

Turn of the Tide.—Relief is to be accorded at last to this political body from the incubus of crime which oppresses it, and on March 7th, D. V., Foster, the car-hook murderer, will pay the penalty of his fatal mistake on the gallows. Not only will the majesty of outraged law be vindicated in his case, but a precedent is established by the decision of the Court of Appeals which is likely to stay the hand of many a reckless ruffian who might in a fit of rage undertake to give some peaceable citizen "h—ll," as Foster did, and then claim that the killing was not intentional, although he deliberately cracked his skull. Stokes is sentenced to be hanged on February 28th, but a stay of proceedings is likely to be granted in his case; so Foster will, probably, be the first of the many inhabitants of Murderers' Row to vacate his quarters. Let the others, if pronounced guilty, quickly follow, so that the cells may be vacant long enough to be cleaned and whitewashed, or a fatal epidemic is likely to be result from their continued occupation.

The obituary column of the Philadelphia *Ledger* affords food for serious reflection, as well as for painful amusement. One day last week the decease of a lady aged twenty-one was announced, followed by a glowing tribute to her worth, sympathising with the host of admirers she had left behind her, etc. A day or two after, a child of eleven years died, and the bereaved parents copied, word for word, the same obituary notice so carefully prepared for one of more mature years. But they do that sort of thing in Philadelphia, and make common property of obituary literature.

A showman, in the legitimate pursuit of natural curiosities for his show, took advantage of the widespread circulation of the Clipper to make his wants known, in which he exhibited the wisdom of a true showman; but judge of his surprise when, on opening the many letters in answer to his card, he found the following:—

——, N. Y., Jan. 16th, '73.

Sir.—I see by the Clipper that you are in want of some living curiosities. I advise you to come to the Normal school at this place, where you can get everything in that line that you need, and the best there is out. E. C. K.——

The widow of William Poole, victim of the Stanwix Hall tragedy of Feb. 25th, 1855, was drowned on Sunday morning last, under peculiarly harrowing circumstances—a sad *finale* to a merry surprise-party, of whom the deceased, ever remarkable for elasticity of spirits, was naturally the merriest. She was held in high esteem among the old families of the Ninth Ward, of which she had been a lifelong resident. The hapless lady, who had for many years borne the name of Smiley, leaves behind her a second husband and a son by her first.

The Rev. Dr. Mosher thought he would first "clean out" an Omaha gambler, and then, returning him his money, read a homily upon the evils of three-card monte, draw-poker, and the like. But the black cloth failed to hold its own against the green, which is a more "striking" color, and Dr. Mosher has since sought to recover his losses by an appeal to the police. Some one has charitably suggested that the reverend gentleman is crazy.

Every little while the government receives immaterial sums refunded by an anonymous individual who modestly subscribes himself "Conscience." The people who have defrauded Uncle Sam out of tens of thousands never hand in their overdue favors, because it has been their misfortune never to have known how to spell "conscience," and they will persist in thinking that no other word would be appropriate.

As the seasonable sequence of having won a $7 wager by walking barefooted through the snow, a Keystone chap has had one of his feet amputated at a cost of $40. But he is jolly in his bed, and delights in recounting to the people who "sit up with him" how he saved fourteen dollars on the] transaction. Had he lost the wager, the whole thing would have cost him $47, instead of $33.

"New" Novelty.—Says an exchange:—"Hiram Reese, a Pennsylvanian 86 years old, lately walked twenty-two miles and a half on an empty stomach in six hours." But we are left in the dark as to whose empty stomach the tramp took place on.

Quick Transfer.—This movement is making very slow progress, and the people are becoming tired and sick of the whole subject. Such being the case, may we not more appropriately call it *sic transit?*

Our streets abound with showmen, all intent on getting in tent next season, while managers quietly canvass the chances for filling their canvas when the spring campaign begins.

How to Make Money.—Hang out a doctor's shingle with this addition:—"Would-be murderers furnished with certificates of insanity."

It is said that "Preachers of long sermons live longer than those whose discourses are short." That may be, but the same cannot be said of their congregations.

Bridgeman Take Heed.—Chief-of-Police Dixon has forbidden all sparring exhibitions within Jersey City limits.

To visible noble actions who have sought her favors, the outcast Cora has proved to be a "Pearl of great price."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

—At the boarding-house in this city, on the night of the 25th, Charles J. Lenox, a compositor on the Clipper, was thrust and fatally wounded by Marshall Maurader, also serving [illegible] a compositor. The parties had had a slight altercation the night before, Lenox charging Maurader's face in return for a [illegible] without the consent of a lady, and Maurader denying the charge. Lenox lived on the morning of this day. Nothing was thought of the matter by the prisoner, who went about his usual business in this city, and was [illegible] of injury, [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] Judge Hall, on the 31st, refused to discharge him thereon. Lenox was a native of Canada, and was about 25 years of age.

—Messrs. Conkling and Whalley, members of parliament, have been fined £50 each for publicly censuring Sir John Hanmer, Bart., (like) of having conspired to deprive the Tichborne claimant of his rights.

—Congress has passed a resolution thanking Captain Hudson and others of the rescue steamer Rescue for saving forty-five lives and rescuing seventeen dead bodies on the occasion of the wreck of the propeller "Metis."

—The Grecian [illegible] committee met on the 23d, and resolved to erect a statue to Bayard Taylor, a bronze statue, with base and pedestal of granite from the deceased journalists' native state, the whole to cost $40,000.

—It is believed to have been the Spanish steamer Murillo which [illegible] the emigrant-ship Northfleet, and also believed that the steamer sank even before the ship went down. Queen Victoria has subscribed £500 in aid of the Northfleet sufferers.

—Cadet Samuel Smith, son of the secretary of state for Florida, failed to pass the January examinations at West Point, and started for home on the 23d.

—The "Indian Indian," more specifically Capt. Jack, leader of the Modocs, defeated the Oregon troops, on the 17th inst., with a loss of forty killed and wounded.

—The Western Extension and the N. Y., Boston and Northern Railroads to be consolidated into the N. Y., Boston and Montreal Railroad.

—The W. U. Telegraph Company has made a reduction of about twenty-five per cent. on rates to far southern and south-western points.

—Senator Cameron was re-elected to the U. S. senate by the Pennsylvania legislature, on the 21st, his majority being 32 on joint ballot.

—On the 21st, Judge Barbour granted a perpetual injunction against John Foley, restraining him from interfering with City Chamberlain Palmer in any way.

—The Pennsylvania legislature have decided to report a bill fixing $4 56-60 as the value at which a pound sterling shall be received in this country.

—On the 24th, the authorities of Elizabeth, N. J., ordered the burial of Mrs. Fulton. The lady died Dec. 31st but her husband, believing her to be in a trance, refused to bury her.

—The secretary of the treasury has issued an order forbidding the use of vignettes of living persons on checks, drafts or orders used in the business transactions of the department.

—The collector of the treasurer has stated that Phelps, Dodge & Co.'s offer to compromise with the government by paying $200,000 has been declined.

—The court of appeals on the 21st affirmed the judgment of the supreme court in the case of Foster, the car-hook murderer, and he is to be resentenced to death.

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SQUIBS AND THINGS.

—An Iowa clergyman, who went to Council Bluffs and sold some butter, fell into the hands of three-card-monte sharpers and met all his money. He exclaimed in the police that he was endeavoring to win the gambler's money for the purpose of returning it with much good advice. Since then he has lost his reason, and has been sent home to his friends.

—A Chinaman, asked by Judge Dowling, on the 30th inst., if he knew what would become of him if he took a false oath, replied through an interpreter:—"I could not go back to China, and would have to live in this country." The judge, it is said, thought that a sufficient realization of the terrors of punishment, and accepted his testimony.

—The New Orleans Chief of Police has received an anonymous letter informing him that the International Society has resolved to burn up that city, this, and Cincinnati. The mere mention of harmless Cincinnati proves that somebody has been dosing the New Orleans man.

—"Maple Grange," a house generations old, was destroyed by fire on the 18th, together with a library of 1,000 volumes and many valuable paintings. It was the residence of the Rutherfords, of Newark, N. J.

—Of the three engineers who undertook the contract for constructing the Mont Cenis tunnel, only Somelliser did not become insane, dying too soon for that. Grattoni became insane because he died, and Grodis was actually bored to insanity.

—Hurry up the male blondes. A bill has been introduced into the Indiana legislature forbidding the marriage of persons of fifty years of age or upwards to blondes no longer to act cape for wealthy Cubans in pantaloons?

—The sale in Paris of false eyes for the human head amounts to four hundred per week, at about $10 each. Brilliant diamonds are not worn as much as formerly, and are sold to the poor.

—At Sacramento, on the 25th, Laura D. Fair, unable to procure a room, delivered her lecture, "Wolves in the Fold," in a lager beer saloon, admitting a crowd free when it was ascertained that people would n-t purchase tickets.

—Of the 210 deaths in Marblehead, Mass., last year, five were of persons over 90 years old, seventeen of those between 80 and 90, and twenty-six between 70 and 80. Being "Marbleheads" accounts for their toughness.

—Illness of another beautiful blonde clergywoman—Miss Jennie Tracy, æat sixteen years. She is turning the hearts of male sinners à Elgin, and because of her the damsels of that life are turning their hands—in color.

—In the town of Marblehead, Mass., on the 23d, the police made a raid on a gambling house on Fifth street, Philadelphia, arresting the proprietor and ten others and capturing the tools.

—Excess of expenditures over earnings in Auburn prison last year was $57,884.63; in Sing Sing, $360,733.51; in Clinton, $88,987.63.

—An exchange says:—"Barlow county, Ga., has turned out eighteen murderers since the war." If we knew what for, we might add, "Served 'em right."

—The Watertown, N. Y., *Dispatch* moaneth:—"What a pity I have no one selling at thirty-six cents a dozen of our groceries, and the lots of able-bodied dandies around barrayards doing nothing."

—Almira Sickler, of Iowa, went and shot and killed a schoolmaster because after she had afforded him ever-so-many opportunities to do so, he refused to propose to her.

—Credit Mobilier promises to become our national game. As only men can play it to advantage, our little boys should hurry up and grow big enough to go to congress.

—Cincinnati has no physicians.

—A stovepipe hat is always becoming, unless it has got too much stove-in.

—Postmaster Senior Smith, of Potsdam Junction, this state, has been arrested for robbing the mails.

—The postal telegraph scheme appears to be gaining ground in congress.

—Hon. O. B. Frothingham is opposed to the gallows in punishment of murderers, and suggests poison instead.

—Georgia Legislature has made Gen. Lee's birthday a legal holiday.

—Lee Staten, Cal., claims to have a 127-year-old female who does the housework and runs errands.

—The citizens of Salt Lake City are subscribing to a monument to be erected on the lawn of the Mountain Meadow massacre.

—There are 4,417 army pensioners in New Jersey, of whom 2,388 are widows.

—All graduates of New England colleges resident in Cleveland, O., are to dine together Feb. 24.

—The Count de Jarnac Madile, Paris, is threatened with destruction by Prussian Uhlans.

—Many fat men are fashionable mourners when adversity thickens, because they can [illegible] "weep for" [illegible].

—Lucky is the man who can [illegible] "Count" [illegible] prefixed to his name.

—Of the 1,000 persons now in Colorado, for their health, [illegible] are [illegible] which [illegible] 400 are [illegible] 200 are [illegible] 100 are [illegible] 50 are [illegible] and 50 are [illegible].

—The balance of trade last year against the United States was in round numbers, $110,000,000.

—The Grand Jury of Philadelphia, late recommended the abolishment of that office, the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, the Common Council and the Grand Jury, with wise economy dropped in the pail.

—At Lockport, the jury has decided that the body of a blind man killed by the street cars is worth $500.

—Mason should be cheap in Columbus, Ga., for eggs are selling there at the rate of a dozen per mason.

—The Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, as to which grave fears were entertained in Columbia, has turned up safe.

—Colorado exported that number of [illegible] last year.

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—Ald.-of-Ember is supposed to be dying—same under.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ballard, David C.—For nearly forty years connected with Boston Advertiser.—Boston, Jan. 17th, aged 78.

Bowers, H. A.—Member of the Memphis (Tenn.) bar.—Memphis, Jan. 24th.

Burnside, John.—Leading resident of Sattersville, N. J.—fell dead in the street, Jan. 23d.

Bunch, Miss Abbie.—member of the choir of the Episcopal church, Jamestown, N. Y.—fell dead in church, Jamestown, Jan. 19th.

Brown, John A.—One of the oldest insurance men in Philadelphia.—Philadelphia, about Jan. 20th, aged 70.

Presumed to be his liberality, and remembered as having in 1871 given $300,000 to the Presbyterian hospital of that city.—Philadelphia, about Jan. 20th, aged 85.

Carey, William.—Editor of the Albany *Argus*. Graduated at Union College, and after [illegible] entering the Philadelphia and Albany journals; in 1840

SKATING.

MASKS AND FACES. ... SKATES. ... other prizes took place ... on Jan. 15th. The ... at Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, Cal., were crowded to ... gallerics in the large pavilion of the gardens. The costumes ... were ... The ... are said to have represented every imaginable ... This was the fourth masquerade carnival given by the ... for of the skating resort, and a right merry time they ... of says it was. The carnival commenced at half past eight o'clock, ... by a number of "flanks." After skating around for half an hour ... the ball was opened for the world to champion to come for- ... ward and enter for the prizes, which consisted of a gold medal ... cash for the best skaters in pairs of western skaters for the second ... best skaters, and admission tickets for the third prize. The fancy ... dresses, manner, and the best sustained character-sketch skate for ... a pair of steel skates. Following are a list of the competitors, the ... costumes worn by each, and the subsequent award of prizes:— ... Best sustained character.—Joseph Tucker as Uncle Tom, Tillie ... Matthew as a Fleuer Girl. ... Best costume.—Chas. H. Nichols as a Spanish Grandee, Lina ... Graf as a Circus Rider. ... Gentleman's prize.—P. S. Riley as a Fireman, first; J. Sexsmith ... as a Harlequin, second; A. B. Mosher as a Special Police, third; ... J. Tucker as Old Uncle Tom, Frank W. Davenport as an Indian ... Chief. ... Ladies'.—Miss Ada Walker as Greek Lady, first; Mrs. A. H. Bab- ... bet as Pocahontas, second; Miss Alice Bacon as a Peasant, third; ... Miss D. Riley as Child of the Regiment, Miss L. L. Schramm as ... the Evening Star. ... Boys'.—W. Ford as a Darkey, first; P. Sherratt as a Harlequin, ... W. L. Lonsdell as a Clown. Frank Bank as a Negro, T. Trevaskis ... as a Scotchman. ... The judges were as follow:—F. R. McCarthy, J. G. West, W. ... Kline, H. K. Hascall, Commodore Dunbar, Chamberlain. ... It seems was expressed when the prize was awarded to Lina ... Graf, on the ground that she is a professional circus-rider. The ... lady was entitled to a fancy waist and gold-colored tights, and the ... dissatisfied parties say that there were costumes richer and ... more appropriate in the occasion. At the conclusion of skating ... for prizes, Professor Norris, the champion of the Pacific Coast, ... gave an exhibition on still skates, which elicited considerable ap- ... plause. ... The skates were removed at about eleven o'clock, and all the ... spectators and skaters joined in a social dance, which was kept ... up until a late hour.

AQUATICS.

THE BUNKER HILL YACHT CLUB held their annual meeting at their club house, Charlestown, Mass., on Jan. 23d. The chair was taken by ex-Commodore D. R. Rockford, and Capt. Geo. W. Abbott was the secretary. As the close to the election of several new members the annual election of officers was proceeded with by ballot, each officer being chosen separately. The result of the election is as follows:—Commodore, Joshua B. Pitsman; vice-commodore, Chas. A. Peirce; first captain, A. A. Lawrence; recording secretary, Warren Perrin; financial secretary, F. Hemsby; treasurer, George C. Melvin; trustees, E. Cutter, W. R. Cooper, C. H. Hatch; measurers, Robert Brown, Geo. W. Abbott; steward, William McLaughlin; quartermaster, J. Wilcox.

FAST STEAMSHIP TIME.—The agent of the White Star line states that on the 23d Jan. he received a cable telegram, announcing that the last run of the steamship Baltic from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, was accomplished in 7 days, 20 hours, and 9 minutes, mean time. If true, this is the quickest passage on record between the points mentioned, excelling that of the City of Brooklyn, of the Inman line, by 11 minutes. Until more definite information is received concerning the matter, our readers will do well not to risk any money on the strength of a cable dispatch, such messages often proving unfounded.

THOS. WINSHIP, stroke of the champion four-oared crew, and James Lally, who has proven himself a very powerful sculler, have been matched to row in skulls, for $500 a side, from High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension bridge, on the Tyne, Eng., the race to take place on March 10th.

REAR COMMODORE JOHN A. MONNELL has presented the Atlantic Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., with a large plot of ground at Greenpoint, L. I., as a site for a club-house. The generous gift has been accepted and several thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the new building.

THE SECRETARY of the Atalanta Boat Club will receive a letter by calling at this office.

THE LISTER-CARRIERS of the New York general post-office are to indulge their terpsichorean propensities at Irving Hall on the evening of Tuesday, February 11th, the date fixed upon for their second annual ball. We wish them a glorious night's fun.

CURLING.

CURLING AT BUFFALO.

Three rinks of the Albany Curling Club paid a visit to Buffalo, N. Y., on the 31st inst., and played a match for the national district medal with the Caledonians of that city, the score of which is subjoined:—

ALBANY.	RINK No. 1.	BUFFALO.
John McCredie, skip,		L. Kirkover, skip,
Joseph Weedman,		William Moses,
John Sparkin,		A. T. Kerr,
Alex Simpson	15	W. H. Baker	43
	RINK No. 2.	
Alex. McMurray, skip,		David Bell, skip,
Caspar Werdman,		George MacNee,
P. H Lawson,		Joseph Frew,
Thomas Moffatt	28	John Walls	36
	RINK No. 3.	
J. F. Smyth, skip,		Isaac Holloway, skip,
Robert Harrop,		Charles Holloway,
Smith Bruce,		John Holloway,
H. C. Southwick	37	W. H. Holloway	18
Total	70	Total	56

In the evening the members of the competing clubs and invited guests sat down to an excellent banquet at the Mansion House. David Bell, president of the Caledonian Club, presided, and Geo. MacNee, president of the National Association, occupied the chair at the foot of the table.

JERSEY CITY VS. ST. ANDREW.—These clubs, respectively of Jersey City and New York, engaged in a match on the 30th. It took place at Lafayette, Jersey City, and lasted 8 hours, the St. Andrew's Club losing by 43 points.

AMUSEMENTS.

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"HE'S GOT TO COME!"
HARRY BLOODGOOD'S
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Who have undoubtedly made the greatest hit of any two artists in their line in the history of the profession.
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MISS ADELAIDE DE MONT,
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HARRY BLOODGOOD,
Himself,
and TWENTY OTHERS
with a full and complete
BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

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$1,873 40,

a singular coincidence that the amount of dollars correspond with the figures of the present year), and the entertainment being pronounced superior to anything of the kind ever witnessed in Boston.
HARRY BLOODGOOD, sole Proprietor and Manager.
WALTER COLWELL, Treasurer.
CHAS. H. JARVIS, Business Agent.
MARSHALL P. WILD, Advertising Agent.

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A CARD.

As there appears to be another, in by professional claiming the same name as mine, I would state, for the benefit of that lady and the profession in general, that IDA VINCENT is my lawful name, the only one I ever had, and that one I have always used in my profession during the five years I have been in this country. How many more ladies there are claiming that name I know not, but I do know that several of my letters have been taken from the CLIPPER office by parties they did not belong to.
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THE LELIA BAWN,
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IN THE TOILS,
BY
FRED. MARSDEN.

W. A. Deiong claims to have copyrighted HIS play of "Jacquette: or, In the Toils." The following letter will show the source from which he received his "MSS."

COPY FROM ORIGINAL.
Walnut Street Theatre, Phil., Sept. 16th, '71.
FRIEND MARSDEN.—Miss Leona Cavender opens here next Monday, 23d, inst., in "Minnie's Loss," and I may be able to produce YOUR "IN THE TOILS" the following week. Should I succeed in getting it ready, can you attend the first rehearsal and place it on the stage under your direction? Let me hear from you by return mail. Yours, very truly, (Signed)
WM. A. DE LONG.

To FRED. MARSDEN, Esq., New York.

This gentleman now declares that he prefers a settlement of our discussion in the courts, and not ex cathedra: If he will let me know where a summons will reach him he shall be instantly gratified. He, however, he desires further publicity, I have other letters, both from himself and Mrs. Cavender, the publication of which will satisfy the most skeptical. FRED. MARSDEN,
44-1t* 333 West Twenty-second street, N. Y.

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ATTENTION!
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TO LET FOR THE SEASON OF '73.
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NOTICE.—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN engaged for the opening of Theatre Comique, Newark, N. J., Feb. 1st, 1873, will assemble in the Green Room on Friday morning, Jan. 31st, for a rehearsal. JAMES D. ROOME, Stage Manager. J. E. JAMES & U. G. GILLEN, Proprietors. 44-1t*

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OF THE HEART!!!
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I can use with eye-glasses "ALL AROUND THE BARN," as well as Morrissey and Harrison. 44-1t*

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A GOOD AGENT, one who can furnish capital sufficient to back a Lady Star of reputation, who has good wardrobe and splendid repertoire of plays; or I would be pleased to negotiate with manager of first-class company to travel as the Star. First-class and entirely respectable position only will address
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LADY GYMNAST.
JOHN L. DAVENPORT,
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AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK.
IMMENSE HIT
OF THE LAURIS IN THEIR NEW AND ORIGINAL ACT, entitled
LE DIABLE DE L'EGLISE,
INVENTED, ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY MR. JOHN LAURI, INTRODUCING THE MARVELLOUS
PHANTOM FIGHT.
NOTICE
The entire scenic, with new traps and effects, has been legally secured according to act of Congress.
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OPINIONS OF THE NEW YORK PRESS ON THE LAURIS IN "THE ALHAMBRA," AT THE OLYMPIC.
NEW YORK HERALD, JAN. 29TH, 1873.
The skill of the Lauris in the Phantom Fight makes the scene one of the most effective pieces of stage machinery we have seen in a long time.
NEW YORK SUN, JAN. 29TH, 1873.
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NEW YORK CLIPPER, JAN. 25TH, 1873.
The only real novelty was a very clever act performed by the Lauri family, entitled "The Phantom Fight," which was liberally applauded.
NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES, JAN. 26TH, 1873.
The trick pantomime scene, which closes the second act, and is conducted by the Lauri family, is one of the most startling and mysterious spectacle. The Lauris appear in a characteristic dance in the first act, closing with an exhilarating can-can which produces a call for the curtain to rise again at every performance.

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WITH A FULL SET OF NEW LITHOGRAPHS AND CUTS MADE FOR THEM EXPRESSLY.
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MUSICIANS TO PLAY IN ORCHESTRA,
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NOTICE.
ALL MEMBERS OF THE EQUESTRIAN BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION of the United States are notified that their dues for the year ending Feb. 8th, 1873, must be paid before that date, or they will be suspended. Annual meeting of the Association Sunday, Feb. 9d, at 7½ P. M., at Tontonia Hall, 160 Third avenue, for election of officers for the ensuing year.
By order, BEN MAGINLEY,
44-1t* President.

SAM LENT,
open for engagement, as TREASURER or ADVANCE AGENT, to reliable parties. Reference—BEN. LURBIE, Lightning Ticket Seller. SAM LENT, care Box 285, Westfield, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

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Return for a limited period of the banjo soloist,
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Brilliant continued success of the great
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PARLOR CONCERT HALL,
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
THE DAILY GAZETTE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK., NOV. 11TH, '72.
The performances at the opera house during the past week we do not hesitate to say, have been superior to any variety entertainment in the country. To witness the performances of the Henri family alone is worth double the price of admission. The clog dance between Miss Henri and her brother is splendid; while the posturing feats of Mr. Henri and his two little sons are as good as we ever witnessed.
LITTLE ROCK GAZETTE, DEC. 29TH.
To-night these talented performers, the Henris, make their farewell bow, and we take pleasure in stating that they have given satisfaction unbounded to the large audiences before whom they have appeared during their engagement here.
FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, DEC. 27TH.
The Henri troupe, now at Grady's Opera House, are really a curiosity. The antics of the little five-year old boy clowns, the gymnastic exercises gone through with by himself and brother, aged eight years, are commended upon favorably by all. It is worth twice the price of admission asked to see the Henri troupe alone. 44-1t*

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SHOW PAINTER,
would like to associate himself with some
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THE EQUESTRIAN GOAT, ALEXIS,
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These goats do a double act on two horses, jumping the usual objects and accomplishing the difficult bridge act, the only goats in the world doing this performance. Also a highly trained PRIZE-RINGS CALIFORNIA BLACK BEAR.
These horses can accomplish nine difficult acts. Their world-renowned scenery or balancing performance is unequaled. They have been travelling this season with the southern show of P. T. Barnum. I am open to engage for the season of 1873. For terms address PROF. F. CHAPMAN,
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Theatrical Agency, New York City.

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BARLOW BROTHERS,
JAMES AND WILLIAM,
DOUBLE JIG
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SPECIALTY
ARTISTS.
Address Alms' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa. 44-3t*

IN THE DISTRICT COURT
OF THE UNITED STATES
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.
In the Matter of } In Bankruptcy
Pierre Bernard, } No. 1,351.
Bankrupt. }
The bankrupt having filed his petition for a discharge from his debts provided under the Act of Congress of 2d March, 1867, it is ordered that a meeting of creditors be held on February 11th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Court Room, Bankrupt, at his office, No. 131 South Front street, Philadelphia, when and where the examination of the bankrupt will be made, and any business of the second and third meetings may be transacted, and hearing will be had in said court thereon, on the 19th, 1873, at 10 A. M., when and where all persons in interest may appear and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner shall not be granted.
By the Court, January 9th, 1873. G. H. FOX, Clerk.
44-3t

CANDY WAGON,
With all the fixtures for two stands in good condition, FOR SALE. Enquire of WALLY WARD,
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A GOOD CHANCE.—A YOUNG man with dramatic ability and a desire to adopt the stage as a profession can meet with the finest opportunity ever offered to become connected and interested in a first-class company by advancing $3,000 cash capital is required. DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, 160 Vine st., P. O. Box 283, Cincinnati, O. 44-1t

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GIRARDS
IN THEIR GREAT SPECIALTY,
CAPERONICON,
CAPERONICON,
HAVE JUST CLOSED THEIR HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK,
AT LIBERTY TO ACCEPT ENGAGEMENTS WITH RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS.
READ THE FOLLOWING ENCOMIUMS OF THE PRESS:—
[Boston Post, Jan. 14th.]
BOSTON THEATRE.—The establishment opened last night with a crowded house to witness the first appearance of Miss Lisa Weber and her fantastic company. The success of the evening must be credited to Mr. Russelle Girard, who, in his comique dancing, jumped at once into public favor.
[New Orleans Picayune, Dec. 27th.]
ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Last night Drury's new farce was the famous Humpty Dumpty, which in the hands of Mr. Fox is achieving a brilliant success.
The dancing introduced by the Girards is of a rather more fantastic character than we have seen in New Orleans before. The well-known prints and chromos of the Jardin Mabille and the tremendous Can by Mr. Russelle Girard are performed with astonishing rapidity and with great success.
[New York Herald, Jan. 14th.]
The brothers Girard, who took the place of the Maillons at the Grand Opera House, are clever performers. They were well received by a large audience last night. Address all business communications RUSSELLE GIRARD,
44-1t* care Parker House, Boston, Mass.

THE GRAND MILITARY ALLEGORY,
entitled the
COLOR GUARD,
with
CHARLIE COLLINS,
the celebrated Dutch Comedian, in his original impersonation of
PETE HYGGLEY,
DOT'S ALL RIGHT.
now in its third season, meeting with success everywhere. Post of the G. A. R. and Military Companies desiring dates after February 15th, will please address WILL H. GUNN, Manager and Proprietor, Box 804, Newport, Kentucky, or at the office of this paper. 44-1t*

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PROF. J. L. HAWES'
GREAT CORNET BAND AND ORCHESTRA
Now traveling with
WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION,
who is well up in Circus Business, can be engaged for the coming tenting season by responsible parties. Address J. L. HAWES,
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SUNLIGHT
THROUGH THE MIST. 44-1t*

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GREAT TOUR OF 1873, COMMENCING APRIL 28TH, and continuing 8 months. It will be the largest and most complete hall organization in America. Wanted—leading performers with novel specialties. Four first-class gymnasts, Dutch, Irish and Yankee Comedians. Two fine song and dance artists, must be the best. Serio-comic, burlesque and pantomimists. A full band and orchestra. Leader must direct both brass band and orchestra.
Address S. S. WASHBURN,
Proprietor of Washburn's Last Sensation,
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HARRY WELBY COOKE,
CHAMPION EQUESTRIAN JUGGLER
OF THE WORLD,
is at liberty
FOR THE COMING SEASON.
Also,
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THE AMERICAN STAR COMIQUE AND DUTCH COMEDIAN,
GUS WILLIAMS,
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THE ONLY TRUE REPRESENT

MY LANDLADY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. U. GUDGUG.

Who greets me with a welcome smile
Whenever I have just "struck file?"
My landlady.

Who "bones" me with a frown I rue
When my room-rent is over due?
My landlady.

Who finds objections to my "coots,"
And growls when I sleep in my boots?
My landlady.

Who is it that my brushes sells,
And uses up all my hair oils?
My landlady.

Who bangs at my door every morn
To give me coffee made from corn?
My landlady.

Who "tips" from my little brown jug,"
And strews the ashes on the rug?
My landlady.

Who is it used my razor-strop
On kitchen knives, that they should lop?
My landlady.

Who is it brings my "cock-tails" up,
And on the stairs "takes in" a sup?
My landlady.

Who is it makes me pay her cash
Whene'er I order extra "hash?"
My landlady.

Who was it Christmas day got tight,
And drank too much on New Year's night?
My landlady.

Who gets two-thirds of what I make,
And tries to make a bigger rake?
My landlady.

Who has a daughter young and fair,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair?
My landlady.

Who is it often tries to peep
And catch the "old weasel" asleep?
My landlady.

Who would give me my "walking papers,"
If she but knew of our sweet capers?
My landlady.

"AN UGLY DOG."

"Splish—splash!" went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down, and his tail between his legs.

"Oh! the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh! the ugly brute!" shouted a carter, and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog took no heed of them. He ran patiently on, only stopping at the crossings when there were too many carriages for him to pass, but not seeming to busy himself at all as to what people said, or what they thought about him. He ran on so for a long time. No doubt of it, he was an ugly dog. He was lean and scraggy. His coat was of a dirty grey color, and in many places the hair was worn off in patches. Neither were there any tokens that he had ever been a handsome dog, and that his present state of wretchedness was owing merely to sudden misfortune. He looked, on the contrary, as though he had always been an ill-fed dog, having desultory habits, no home to go to, and seldom anything better to eat than a chance bone or a crust picked up in the gutter. Yes, he was certainly a miserable dog.

But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement. He was a small dog, and, by trotting close under the shop fronts, he could have slipped unnoticed through the crowd, and not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But no; he preferred the road, where the mud was, and he ran straight before him, without looking to the right or left, just exactly as if he knew his way.

I might have paid no more attention to this dog, for there are enough of whom I take no notice, but I observed that he had a collar round his neck, and that to this collar was attached a basket. This set me thinking; for a dog who carries a basket is either a dog sent on an errand, or a runaway dog who has left his master and does not know where to go. Now, which could this one be? If he was a dog that ran on errands, why did not his owner feed him better, so that his ribs should look less spare? But if he was a dog who had left his master, and ran away into the world to face care and trouble alone, what hardships or what cruelties had he had to suffer, that he should have taken to such a life in despair? I felt that I should like to have these questions answered, for there was something of mystery in them; I therefore followed the dog.

We were in Oxford street, in that part of it which lies between the Marble Arch and Duke street, and the dog was running in the direction of the Regent Circus. It was a dull, wet day in winter; the rain had been falling. A grey fog was spreading its vapors along the road, and every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A few shops were being lighted up here and there, for evening was setting in. But the contrast between the glare of the gas and the occasional glow of the red-hot coal fires burning cheerily in the grates of the ground-floor parlors only served to make the streets more dark and dreary.

As yet the dog went pattering on, going at a sort of quick jog-trot pace, keeping his ears always down, and paying no attent on either to the omnibuses that rolled by him, the costermongers who swore at him, or the other dogs who stopped at times with a puzzled air and gazed at him with silent wonder. I had to step out fast to keep up with him. It is astonishing how that squalid dog could trot! I was afraid more than once that he would get out of sight, and lose me in the crowd, but he had always keeping to the middle of the road, I was prevented from losing sight of him. We passed North Audley street, after that Duke street, and we then came opposite a small street which forms a very narrow and dirty thoroughfare at the end which is nearest Oxford street. Here the dog paused for a moment, and appeared to hesitate as to what he should do. He made a few steps forward, then seeded, and finally, he turned to make up his mind and entered the street, still trotting. There was no one there. The dim, drizzling rain, which had begun to fall again, the cold and the fog, had all scared away the ordinary frequenters of the one or two sordid cook-shops that line both sides of the way. There was only a rag-and-bone-man sorting broken bottles at his door, and coughing incessantly from the large quantities of the dog went on. The street grew wider as one proceeds, and the houses also become better and cleaner. I asked myself whether the dog could possibly have his home about here, and whether he would not suddenly disappear down an area, in which case the romance of the thing would have been ended, and I should have had my walk for nothing. But no, he turned abruptly off at a new road, after a few seconds of the same apparent hesitation as before, slackened his pace and stopped opposite a public house.

A mews is never quite empty. There are always grooms loafing about in doorways, or stable-boys going in and out of wash-houses. At the moment when the dog and I appeared, a coachman was harnessing two horses to a brougham, and a couple of men were standing opposite, and exchanging remarks with them from the threshold of the public house, stood a servant in breeches, smoking a long clay pipe; the dog was standing still; but all at once, before I had time to suspect what was going to happen, he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking round in circles.

The man with the breeches and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and the coachman raised their heads, and, upon seeing this strange sight, left their work and clustered up to look. A few more people, attracted by the noise, came and joined us. We soon formed a ring.

It seemed to please the dog to see us all around him, for he gravely wagged his tail once to and fro, and tried to go more squarely on his exercise, for at first he sometimes round on his hind legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor dog!—I could see t at—to make us laugh. For my part, seeing the others remain speechless in their astonishment, I laughed aloud to encourage him; but shall I say the truth? I felt more ready to cry. There was something unspeakably sad in the lonely, dejected appearance of the dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore-feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor, intelligent head it was, as, almost shaving the ground, it looked appealingly at us all, and seemed to say, "Please do not play any pranks with me, for really I am not doing this for fun." When he had walked round on his head until he was weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and made believe to be dead. He went through all the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on without laughing, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her handkerchief across her eyes.

The rain continued to fall, but not one of us thought of moving—only the dog, when he had lain dead a minute, got up and shook himself, to show us all the performance was ended. He then displayed the extent of what he knew, and now came forward to receive his fee. He stood up on his hind legs again, and, walking to each of us separately, assumed the posture that is popularly known as "begging." It was the first toy whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly, with his soft eyes wide opened, and followed my hand patiently to my waistcoat pocket. The basket round his neck was a round one with a lid to it tied down with a string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. I dropped in a shilling and stooped down to read a bit of crumpled paper I saw hanging loosely from the collar. It bore these words, written in a shaky hand:—"This is the dog of a poor man who is bed-stricken; he earns the bread of his master. Good people, do not keep him from returning to his home." The dog thanked me for my offering by wagging his tail, and then passed on to my neighbor. Human nature must be kinder than people think, for there was not one of us—not even the man with the breeches and clay pipe whose face had in pressed me unfavorably—but gave the dog something. As for him, when he had gone his round he barked two or three times to say good-bye, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot pace he had come.

He went up the street and I followed him, but when he reached Oxford street he quickened suddenly, and began to run hard, as if his day was ended, and he wanted to get home. Evening had quite fallen by this time, and I felt it would be useless to go after my four-legged mystery on foot, so I called a cab, and said:—"Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement.

It is a long way from the part of Oxford street in which we were to Tottenham Court road, where the small dog led me. But I should have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he would be crushed by passing vans or carriages; but somehow he got through it. He had an extraordinary tact for finding a passage between horses' hoots, and, like a true London dog as he was, he showed int mate familiarity with all the intricacies of crossings. Still, it was some relief to me, both in my own mind and on account of the cab, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that he had something of the Wandering Jew in him. It seemed impossible that, without taking any rest, without even pausing for an instant to draw breath, such a very lean dog should keep on going so long. Tottenham Court road (this was about eighteen months ago) used to be a sort of fair at night-time. It is a lengthy highway running amidst a tangled network of sorry streets, the population of which, from dusk until the hour when the public houses close, used to spread hungry and idle among the countless booths which had then not yet been swept away, and where shellfish, sour fruit, and indigestible-looking meat were sold by yelling costermongers. On the night in question, when I went there in pursuit of the dog, I foresaw that I should be led to one of those sickly pens of fever, where poverty, disease, and misery have their abodes set up in permanence; and I was not wrong.

The dog, running faster than ever now, as if he felt for a cab to pass. I paid the driver and jumped out. It was a filthy street, but that was a secondary matter. Where the dog went I would go, and thus I dodged after him, first down a crooked alley, then through a foul court, and lastly up a passage where it was pitch dark. Here I groped my way along a damp wall and stumbled upon the first step of a staircase. Being a smoker, however, I had some vesuvianes about me. I struck one, lit a piece of twisted paper with it, and by the moment's flame I thus obtained de-cried the dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden steps, battered in places and rotting from mould. He barked when he saw the light, and growled uneasily. But I softened my voice and cried out, "Good dog! good dog!" trying thereby to appease him. I suppose his instinct told him that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to sniff my trousers, and when I struck a second vesuvian he consented to my accompanying him without doing anything else but continue his sniffing. We went up three stories in this way until we reached the garret floor. There were two doors face to face, and one of them had a latch with a piece of string tied to it. The string dangled, with a loop at its end, to within a few inches of the ground. The dog raised one of his forepaws, pressed it on the loop, and by his means opened the door. We both walked in together.

There was a rushlight burning in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. There was an empty saucepan in a grate without the fire. Some tattered clothes were hanging on the back of a broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen from a cracked ceiling, were encumbering the floor. On the spintered deal table was a plate with a solitary bone on it, and next to it a cup with a handle gone. I turned from the sight of these things to a mattress laid in a corner of the room. The light was rendered so flickering by the gusts of wind that swept through the window—to which bits of paper had been passed for want of glass—that I could not at first distinguish very clearly where I was, and what I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whining of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping upon some one against whom he was rubbing his head, and whose face he was licking with an exuberance of love. I heard a voice too—but a voice so husky and broken that it resembled a whisper—repeat feebly:—"Good dog, good Jim!" and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and heard the sound of money poured out on the couch.

"Good Jim! good Jim!" went on the cracked voice, and it began counting "One, two. Oh, good Jim! good Jim! here's a shilling. One-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence, two shillings. Oh, good dog! three-and-a-penny, three-and"—— But here followed a terrified shriek.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up the money with his sheet, and he looked at me, livid and haggard with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am come to do you no harm. I am a friend. I have followed your dog home, and I desire to help you if you are in need."

He seemed to be a man about fifty, for his hair was not all grey; but the ghastly hollowness of his cheeks, the emaciated condition of his body, and, above all, the gleam of disease in his burning eyes, made him older than a man of ninety, for they told more plainly than words could have told that he had already one foot within his grave. My tone and my appearance seemed to reassure him; but he continued to hide his money.

"I am a poor man, sir," he grasped—"a very poor man. I have nothing but what my dog earns me, and that's nothing. He goes out to idle; and if he picks up a few pence" (here the man had a fit of hectic coughing)—"if he do pick up a few pence, sir, it's all he do pick up."

I felt my heart ache, for I guessed the truth.

"He's not an idle dog," I said. "Has he not earned you more than three shillings to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir—no, sir: it's threepence," protested the miser, trembling. "It's threepence—threepence, sir. Look and see."

And he held up three copper coins from out of his covering.

"You are very ill, my man," I said, approaching his mattress. "You must let me send you a doctor."

"Oh, sir! no, no; I—I've no money to give them. Let me alone, please. I'm not ill; I shall be well to-morrow. It's nothing but a cold—a—a cold."

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I remembered that the poor brute had not eaten.

"Your dog must be hungry," I observed; "shall I give him this bone? He has earned it well."

"Oh, God! oh, God! Let that bone alone," faltered the unhappy wretch, trying to rise; "it's my supper for to-night. Jim doesn't want anything; he picks up plenty in the streets. Oh! oh! I shall starve if you give him that bone."

"I will buy you something to eat," I answered, taking up the bone, on which there was no particle of flesh left. "Here, Jim," said I, holding it out. But the dog, instead of accepting the bone, looked wistfully at his master to ask for leave.

"No! no! Jim," panted the miser fearfully; and the dog turned away his head, refusing to be enticed.

"How long have you been laid up like this?" was my next question. I was growing sick at heart.

"Ten weeks, sir—oh, ten weeks," groaned the man—who had caught the bone out of my hand and thrust it under his pillow—"ten weeks; and when I fell ill, the dog went out one morning and brought me back a penny in his mouth. Since then, I bought him a basket, and he goes out every day—but he's—he's idle, sir—he's idle; he brings me nothing to what he used to do when we went out together. Yes—oh, yes! he's an idle dog!"

* * * * * * *

But why prolong such a dialogue? Is there anything more depressing than the sight of moral infirmity coupled with bodily disease? This palsied miser was a rich man, at least rich comparatively to his station. He had made himself a small fortune by the intelligence of his dog, and his sudden illness, instead of reducing him to poverty, had, on the contrary, only added to his means. The dog earned more alone than he had earned with his master. Each morning, at the break of day, he went out with his basket, and every night, at sunset, he returned with a half full. Starved himself from the miser's neighbors; honest people, though poor, who pretended to believe in the fevered wretch's tale of want in order that he might not have cause to dread them and so refuse their necessary services.

There is a great deal of this innate, unsuspected delicacy in the hearts of the working poor. These rough and uncouth but kindly natures tended the grave-side misery in his sickness. They bought his food for him, they washed his linen, and they asked nor no payment for anything they did. As for the unhappy man's gold, it was at their mercy, but the thought of touching it never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a naive accent, "I think, sir, 'twill be better when he's laid in the ground. His money might be good then to some as would make use of it."

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.

"The dog's his friend, sir," was the neighbor's answer, "and he won't live long when his master's gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. The miser lived a week, and upon each of the seven days the dog went out according to his habit, with the basket round his neck, and remained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk. Sometimes I followed him from morning till evening; seeing which, and remembering my face as that which stood daily by his master's bedside, he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented to walk at my heels. One night the miser died, and on the morrow Jim did not go out. He spent the night by his master's body, and I guessed that they had put him in the long black box that stood in the middle of the room. When the men came to carry away this long black box, the dog went after them and cried. He followed the coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were the only spectators besides the curate, the sexton and the undertaker's men. When the earth was thrown in, he looked at me plaintively to know what it meant, and, when the burial was over, he wished to remain near the open tomb, waiting till his master should rise. I took him home with me, but he would not eat, and next morning at sunrise he howled for his basket. It was no use keeping him, so I tied the basket round his neck, and sent him out.

That evening, foreseeing what would happen, I went to the cemetery. The dog arrived at nightfall, with his basket full of pence, and I turned them all out upon the the grave. "Come home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising to my eyes; but he whined mournfully and tried to scratch up the earth. Twice more he went out like this all day, and brought back money for his master; but on the third evening, finding that the pence on the grave remained untouched, he suffered me, without resistance, to take off his collar, and lay down at his full length near the miser's last sleeping-place.

The next morning he did not go on his rounds, for he was dead.

"The Murdered Dummy."

Many a good story might be told of occurrences that have taken place at the old Newark Theatre, or, as it was sometimes called, the "Old Trap." We have one now in our mind, and by your good patience, reader, we will endeavor to relate it. It was during one of the first engagements of Mr. Eddy that the occurrence which we are about to relate took place. Mr. Eddy was stopping at one of the up-town hotels, which had in its employ an old-fashioned, genuine Virginia darkey, called Dick, whose business was to do the chores of the house—black de boots, etc. Mr. Eddy engaged Dick to carry his wardrobe to the theatre. Dick had never seen the inside of a Temple of the Muses, and to get behind the scenes was indeed a rich treat of which he readily availed himself.

Dick soon became a favorite among the stage hands, and his appearance was always hailed with laughter. Among the "properties" of the theatre was a life-sized effigy of a man which had been used in one of the pieces. Under the stage was the hydrant, and only a dim light was kept burning sufficient to see it. The effigy was laid at the foot of the stairs; and one of the hands got a pot of vermilion, and filling a brush with the same, he drew it across the throat of the figure, and, the floor being freely sprinkled with paint, it presented a ghastly sight indeed. Dick, who was in the green room, totally unconscious of the plot, was requested to go down stairs and get a pail of water. Dick seized the pail and soon disappeared among the labyrinth of old scenery under the stage. Suddenly an awful yell was heard, accompanied by the clamp of Dick's big feet ascending the stairs, and soon Dick himself appeared, shaking in every limb, and blue as indigo. "Oh, my God!" he gasped. "Oh boss! sich a sight! Frout cut from ear to ear!" "What's the matter, Dick?" inquired one of the stage hands who was in the plot. "Oh, sich a sight! M-m man killed; frout cut from ear to ear." "Where, Dick?" "Down de cellar; d-d-down de foot ob de stairs, blood all over him. O boss, I want to go home." Dick's terror was so great that it was feared serious results might follow, and he was at once assured that it was no man, only an effigy. "A what, boss?" "An effigy; a stuffed figure covered with paint." "Look a here, boss, I'm sick. De sight ob dat ebbigee am too much for dis ere niggar, and you don't ketch dis chile in a freaire agin."

Dick took his leave, and never made another appearance on this or any other stage.

FOX VS. LOCOMOTIVE.—A singular and exciting race occurred recently on the Cayuga Lake Railroad. A fine fox leaped on the track, some distance ahead of a locomotive engaged in hauling iron, and started northward. A few leaps took him beyond the point where it was possible for him to leave the track and escape, except by climbing a high wall of rock or tumbling into the lake. The engineer, being the ambitious, gave the steam to the locomotive took advantage of the smooth rails, and soon made considerable gain on the fox. An occasional screech from the whistle would renew the courage of the fox, and cause him to gather himself up quicker after a tumble. Now he would jump off and make a few leaps on the road-bed, thereby putting more distance between himself and his ferocious pursuer, then he would spring between the rails again and lose ground. The locomotive continued to gain on him. Finally, becoming disgusted with the rough way between the rails, the fugitive sprang on one of the rails and made off at a wonderful speed, never tottering or missing a step for over ten rods. At this movement, the engineer opened his throttle wider, determined to overhaul that fox or tear every tire off his "drivers." Soon the fleet animal left the rail again and went stumbling over the ties for some distance, when it jumped clear of the road on the lake side. At this the engineer let go a succession of outrageous screams from the whistle, which frightened the panting fox out of his wits, for he jumped back on the track just

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

"OH! MY!"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "DOBBS."

That's what she said when I stepped on her dress,
And I colored way up to the roots of my hair;
And her face, at that time, didn't wear a caress,
But she looked as I look when I'm going to swear.
We were leaving the opera, and were making slow time,
When my wandering thoughts caught that quick, plaintive cry,
I had stepped on her train with my large rubber mine,
And it caused that impulsive, impatient "Oh! my!"

She was lovely. I saw that amid all my distress,
As she looked back upon me with lofty disdain,
And she gathered together the folds of her dress
As if she was fearful I'd do it again.
I tried to apologize, tried, and that's all,
For I couldn't stand fire from that dark, rolling eye,
But I gave her my card, rolled up tight in a ball,
While I hastened away from that haunting "Oh! my!"

Ah! those two little words, how they haunted my dreams,
And those beautiful eyes, how they looked into mine,
Till I wandered away among changeable scenes,
Like a man who'd been driven from home for a crime
And I met her one night at the house of a friend,
Our host made us known to each other, and I—
Well, I scarcely dare speak, fearful how I'd offend,
While her silence was worse than that fearful "Oh! my!"

Well, it's past. I can't tell how it all came about,
But I know that her presence no longer I fear;
'Tis her presence, in fact, that I can't do without,
While I know, to each other, we are mutually dear.
And I've promised (how great my assurance must be)
That to make her lot happy a life time I'll try,
While close by my side, nestling closer to me,
She whispers mischievously:—"Darling, Oh! my!"

CONUNDRUMS.

DOES it hurt a joke to *crack* it.

WHAT is the best butter? An old ram.

WHEN is a mother a father? When she's a nigher.

WHAT arm of the military service do thieves resemble? Riflemen.

WHEN is a man thinner that a shingle? When he is always a shaving.

WHY is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

WHY are clergymen like brakesmen? Because they do a good deal of coupling.

WHAT is that from which if you take the whole some will remain? The word wholesome.

WHAT is the difference between a chess-player and an habitual toper. One watches the pawn and the other pawns the watch.

BREVITIES.

A FIT OF PASSION—Getting married.

HOW to put a horse "on his mettle"—Shoe him.

HOW to turn the people's heads—Go late to church.

A SAFETY MATCH—Ten thousand per annum settled on the wife.

THE horse is a curious feeder. He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

IF YOU court a young woman, and you are won and she is won, you will both be one.

THE HUSBAND who devoured his wife with kisses found afterward that she disagreed with him.

MR. COBB recently married Miss Webb. He knew that they were meant to be joined as soon as he spied her.

IT IS SAID that iron is a good tonic for debilitated young ladies; that may be so, but ironing is a better one.

A CHINESE THIEF, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him the next day to learn how to wind it up.

AT Elmira female college the fair "sophs" have interdicted the wearing of false hair and bustles by the freshwomen.

A FELLOW went to Florida for his health—to pick up a little—and picked up enough to send him to prison for three years.

"I SAY boy! *stop that oz!*" screamed a man to a ragged urchin. "I hain't got no stopper, sir," quietly responded the boy.

SINCE old Ep. has cleared the streets of horses, says a New Orleans paper, photographers are taking steereoscopic views.

WHEN a man assaults the maternal relative of his better half out in Indiana the people call it "reconstructing his mother-in-law."

"IT IS VERY curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be kept perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

ROBERT HALL was once asked what he thought of a certain very flegant sermon, which had created a great sensation. "Extremely fine, sir," he replied, "but a man can't eat flowers."

A FARMER living in Titusville, who has two or three very courtable girls, placed a notice on his front door one night which read:—"Shut down for thirty days; no stove in the parlor, and but one lamp."

MERRY MOMENTS.

A WESTERN EDITOR speaks of a contemporary who is "so dirty that every time he goes up stairs there is a rise in real estate."

READY-MADE EPITAPHS—On a departed clown—though lost to sight, to mummery dear. On a faithful bookkeeper—Posted up. On one drowned—He left a large circle, etc.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., boasts a young lady who has framed and raised a barn; but we know a maid who has raised a whole house—and all because she could not find her back hair.

THAT was a Scottish "aside" of an old dealer who, when exhorting his son to practice honesty in his dealings, on the ground of being the "best policy," quietly added "I have tried baith."

A MAN once called on President Lincoln. He had shaken hands with him, observing, "Don't be scared, Mr. Lincoln, I don't want an office." "Is that so?" said the president; "then give us another shake."

A CRITIC one day talked to Jerrold about the humor of a celebrated novelist, dramatist and poet, who was certainly no humorist. "Humor!" exclaimed Jerrold, "why he sweats at a joke, like a Titan at a thunderbolt."

"MISTER, where are you going with that horse?" asked a gentleman of a suspicious looking man, whom he met on horseback. "Well, I hain't a-goin nowhere with him," said the other; "but he is going somewhere with me."

A GENTLEMAN who was on a tour, attended by an Irish servant-man, who drove the vehicle, was several times puzzled with the appearance of a charge in the man's daily account, entered as "refreshment for the horse, 6cts." At length he asked Dennis about it. "Och! sure," said he "it's whip-cord it is."

TOO MUCH MONEY.—There is some talk of having a geological survey of Rhode Island, but the work may be delayed on account of its expensiveness. The professor who is to make it says that if he is expected to go over the entire state it will take him at least two days, and he won't do it for less than nine dollars and a half.

THE "INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND" has been heard from at Richmond. He spilled a quantity of kerosene on a warehouse floor, and being too tired to scrub it up he set it on fire. There was an insurance on all the property except ebony. He was a total loss. Which will fall heavily on the family, who've had to support him ever since the jubilee.

A GOOD NOMINATION.—A Southern paper having discussed the question propounded by a New York paper, "Shall the next president of the United States be a woman?" concludes as follows:—"We nominate Power's 'Greek Slave.' She has three of the qualifications, at least—a marble brow, a finely chiseled nose and a silent tongue."

ANTICIPATING.—"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the Far West?" "Oh, I'm delighted with the idea! You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are; and in three years he died, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

AN EXCELLENT MEMORY.—A Pottsville man, who says he hasn't attended church for twenty years, boasts that he can remember perfectly the preacher's text on the last occasion of a visit to the sanctuary. And this is the way he remembered it when asked what it was:—"It is easier for a camel to enter a circus, than for a man to eat a package of needles."

AN AGED COLT.—A man was awarded a premium at the cattle show and fair in Northampton, for a two-year-old colt, when the animal he entered was a horse eight years old. The owner had built the premium, and sent a man to bring him to the show, the man made a mistake, and took the eight-year-old horse, which was in the same pasture, and the committee "put him through."

A SUBSTITUTE.—A German settler in Ohio, found guilty of selling liquor contrary to law, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days, protested as follows:—Chail! Go to chail! *He* go to chail! But I can't go! Dere's my pisiness—my pakery. Who pakes my bread when I ben gone?" Then casting his eyes about the court appealingly, they fell upon the good-natured face of jolly Chris Ellwaner, a fellow-countryman, who had no "pisiness," and forthwith a brilliant idea struck him. Turning to the judge, he said, in sober earnestness, "Dere's Chris Ellwaner! He's got nothing to do; send him!"

REHEARSING A FAMILY QUARREL.—A lady in Lexington, Ky., possesses two pets, a monkey and a parrot. They are on antagonistic terms, and are locked up separately when left unwatched. One day they were accidentally left together, and the fight commenced. The monkey ruthlessly pulled out every feather of the unfortunate parrot, and broke up the mantle ornaments and smashed things generally. When Mrs. C. returned she found the monkey chattering on the mantlepiece, and out crept the parrot, looking deeply injured, and greeted her with, "We've had a h—l of a time!"

THE "ROYAL TRIBE" OF GIPSIES.—This tribe, one of the most popular of the British Isles, recently gave a ball at Tranmore, Eng., an account of which is worthy of perusal by the CLIPPER's readers. Their first "Select, plain and fancy" proved most attractive, and the chords of the Drill Hall were crowded with a score hundreds of spectators, to whom the charges for admission (5s. and 2s. 6d. each) proved an effectual barrier to a further enjoyment of the proceedings. The number of those who paid for their admission and took part in the dancing was about 300, to whom must be added about fifty of the male and female members of the tribe. The king and queen—their names are proscribed—Mr. Thomas and Sarah Lee—presided over the revels, if we may so term as orderly an assembly as ball-room ever witnessed. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags of all nations, and, with its smartly-dressed company, presented quite a picturesque appearance. The gipsies, for the most part, danced by themselves. The king, in a plain black dress suit, and the queen, in a more showy but equally tasteful attire, opened the ball in first-rate style to the strains of a string band of their own. Her majesty was distinguished from the other ladies of her *suite* by wearing a coronet of gold in her head-dress and by the richer profusion of jewelry with which she was adorned. She had a ladylike appearance, and there was nothing vulgar about any of the tribe present. They were all of them graceful dancers, and apparently quite at home in treading the measured of the many dances. Several parties of visitors danced in other parts of the hall, but the dusky sons and daughters of the east were the cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers. The king is about twenty-seven years of age, and is of gentlemanly deportment; the queen is probably about the same age, and is a most lady-like person. The other members of the tribe appeared to wear them every deference befitting their

THE JOHN STREET THEATRE.

On the first page of the CLIPPER may be seen an engraving of the interior of the old John Street Theatre, which was built in the summer of 1767 on the northerly side of John street near Broadway, and continued to be used for dramatic purposes for more than thirty years. Its site is now occupied by store-houses, and the theatre stood in the rear of the stores numbered 17, 19 and 21. The building was an unsightly object, principally of wood painted red, and stood some sixty feet back from the street, having a covered way of rough wooden material from the pavement to the doors. The stage was of good dimensions, and the dressing-rooms and green-rooms were under it, but after the Revolution they were removed to a wing added for that purpose on the west side. The auditorium was fitted up with a pit, two rows of boxes and a gallery, and when filled at the usual prices would contain $600. It was first opened by Mr. Douglass on Dec. 7th, 1767, with the following bill:—The comedy of "The Stratagem," an occasional epilogue by Mrs. Douglass, and the pantomime of the Enchanted Island. The performances commenced at six o'clock, and ladies who desired reserved seats were compelled to send their servants at four o'clock to retain them. The prices of admission were—boxes, 8 shillings; pit, 5 shillings; and gallery, 3 shillings. On Dec. 18th "The Clandestine Marriage" was performed for probably the first time in America. The season closed on June 15th, and it does not appear that the company performed in New York again until 1772. In that year, on April 12th the last season prior to the Revolution and the last of Mr. Douglass' in New York was commenced. On June 21st Milton's *masque* of "Comus" was produced for probably the first time in America. On July 26th a benefit was given towards the support of "the hospital about to be erected in New York." The hospital was afterwards erected some distance out of town on Broadway, between what are now known as Duane and Worth streets. The season closed on August 2d with the first performance in New York of Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." On Oct. 24th, 1774, the provincial congress passed a resolution recommending the suspension of all public amusements, which was regarded as law by all American patriots. During the Revolution, and while the British army occupied the city, some amateurs among the officers kept it open under the title of the Theatre Royal, and from January, 1777, to June, 1781, performances were given by them at stated seasons. Lewis Hallam, with a feebie company, opened a regular season on August 24th, 1785, the entertainments being announced as a course of lectures by Mr. Hallam, beginning with a prologue and terminating with pantomime. During the latter appeared Little Durang, native of Lancaster, Pa., the first native American who obtained reputation on the stage as a dancer. The first benefit was that of Mr. Moore, on Sept. 20th, when a regular drama was performed for the first time in New York after the Revolution, being the *petite* comedy of "The Citizen." The season closed on Nov. 1st. The public had given so much encouragement to Hallam that he and his partner, Reinagle, bought out Douglass, of Philadelphia, Pa., their entire company, and on Nov. 21st, 1785, commenced a regular season, the theatre having been newly painted and decorated. On Dec. 16th the "School for Scandal" was produced, probably for the first time in America. On June 9th, 1786, "The Rivals" was performed for the first time in America. The season closed on July 21st with "Alexander the Great" and "The Soldier's Fortune," which had attended their eighteenth night, an unprecedented run at that time. The company returned and opened a season on February 14th, 1787. On April 16th the first public performance in a regular theatre of a play written by a citizen of America took place. Although other dramas had been written and published, none had hitherto been performed by professional actors. The piece was a comedy in five acts, entitled "The Contrast." Its author was Royal Tyler, of Massachusetts, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the State of Vermont. It was played four times during the season. That season closed on June 9th. It was again reopened under the same management on Dec. 31st, 1787. The season was interrupted from March 10th until Easter. On April 14th, Mr. Wignell's opening announced that Garrick Palmer in "Henry IV," the whole city was wild with excitement from the outbreak of "The Doctors' Mob," which caused the theatre to be closed, and business was affected for some time thereafter. The season closed on May 31st. The theatre was not again reopened until April 14th, 1789. On Nov. 24th Mr. Wignell took a benefit, and George Washington, then dwelling in New York as the presidents of the United States frequently attended the theatre, and with whom Wignell was a great favorite, honored that benefit with his presence. The season terminated on Dec. 9th, and was the last in New York that the American company remained intact. Another season was commenced under the same management on Oct. 10th, 1791. On Feb. 3d, 1792, Mons. and Mme. Simon, dancers and their troupe made their appearance in New York. The season closed on May 10th. The next season was opened Jan. 28th, 1793, and in the meantime Mr. Henry had visited England and returned with a powerful re-enforcement for his company. The opening bill was "The Dramatist," then acted for the first time in America. We find nothing of particular interest during that season, which probably closed on June 9th. The theatre was reopened for the fall season on Sept. 23d, 1793. On March 3d, 1794, an operatic spectacle by Mrs. Hatton, a sister of Mrs. Biddons and the Kembles, entitled "Tammany," was produced for the first time, and the society bearing that name attended in a body. On May 19th "A Bold Stroke for a Husband" was first performed in America. The season closed on June 28th, and towards its close Mr. Henry sold out his interest to Mr. Hodgkinson for $10,000. On Dec. 1st, 1794, the season commenced by the new managers, Hallam and Hodgkinson, but nothing of special interest occurred until its close on June 27th, 1795. Owing to the prevalence of the yellow fever which became epidemic, the next season was not commenced until Feb. 10th, 1796, when "The Provoked Husband" and the "Spoiled Child" constituted the bill, and in the former Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of the present comedian, made what may be known as his appearance in New York, having prev ously made his American *debut* at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, Mass., in the fall of 1795. The season terminated on June 25th. The next was opened on Sept. 26th, 1796, an addition having been made to the managerial firm—Mr. William Dunlap. On Feb. 29th a riot occurred in the theatre, caused by Mr. Hallam appearing upon the stage during the performance, and, striking in the side of Mr. Hodgkinson, appealing to the audience for their aid and protection, charged Mr. Hodgkinson with forcing her retirement from the stage. A majority of the audience finally supported Mr. Hodgkinson's view of the subject, and Mr. Hallam promised to withdraw his wife. The next night, however, Mr. Hodgkinson was so loudly hissed that he refused to appear in the performance, and, striking the side of the house, took refuge behind the scenes. Mrs. Hallam declined to appear, but advertised a concert elsewhere, which gave cause for a riot on the following night; save one, the full particulars of which we published in the biographical sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Wood) "Masaniello," "The Battle of Hexham" and "The Poor Soldier" were the bill on Monday, 26th, the Woods' sixth night, a tumultuous uproar occurred on their appearance, "La Somnambula" and "The Hand-some Husband," $1,086.50. Friday, 27th, the Woods' seventh night, "Fra Diavolo" and "The Water Party," $674.25. Saturday, 28th, the Woods were driven from the stage and the performances abruptly terminated, $1,510.75. Saturday, 28th, for Mr. Blake's benefit, "The Gamester," "Cupid" and "My Uncle John," $483.25. Total for the week, $5,609.25.

On Monday, May 30th, Mr. Abbott commenced an engagement, "Hamlet" and "The Water Party," $489.25. Tuesday, 31st, the benefit which the managers announced would be the last appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, to quiet the audience, took place, "Guy Mannering" and "The Deep, Deep Sea," $1,580.75. Wednesday, June 1st, J. E. rainstorm prevailing, Miss Phillips appeared, "The Wife" and the second and third acts of "Masaniello," $525.50. Thursday, 2d, a N. E. rainstorm prevailing, the veteran comedian, Mr. Dowton's fourth night, "The Rivals," "Catching an Heiress" and "My Uncle John," $386. Friday, 3d, a N. E. rainstorm prevailing all day, Mr. W. F. Brough took a benefit, "The Castle of Andalusia," a part of the first act of "La Somnambula" and "The Water Party," $676.50. Saturday, 4th, a N. E. rainstorm, Miss Phillips' second night, "The Stranger," "The Sargeant's Wife" and "The Rendezvous," $437.50. Total for the week, $4,132.50.

On Monday, June 9th, a N. E. rainstorm prevailing all day, Messrs. Abbott and Balls appearing, "All in the Wrong" and "Three and the Deuce," $433.50. Tuesday, 7th, a fog, Mr. Dowton's second appearance, "The Rivals," "The Water Party" and "My Uncle John," $823.50. Wednesday, 8th, Miss Phillips, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Balls appearing for the first time, and "Husbands and Wives," $457.25. Thursday, 9th, Mr. Dowton's third night, "The Hypocrite" and "The Jew and the Doctor," $538.50. Friday, 10th, Mr. Balls appearing, Mr. Abbott and Miss Phillips' farewell appearing, "The Jealous Wife," "The Young Widow" and "Gretna

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

COME, TELL ME ALL THY BITTER WOES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY C. ALEC MAHON.

Come, tell me all thy bitter woes,
Nor look thou thus with fear,
Dear I'll be found among the foes,
My own, my sweet, sweet dear.
Here lay thy head upon my breast;
Whate're the world may say
To me thou art the first, the best,
Be what to them you may.

Why have they dared to sully thee
And lightly speak thy name?
Yet if 'tis true, ah! tell it me,
And I will share thy shame;
For oh! think not I too would leave
In this thy trying time,
Or could in those bright eyes perceive
One glow that is not mine.

I've loved thee when thy heart was light,
And thou wert gay and glad:
I'll love thee now through sorrow's blight
When thou art lone and sad:
And though none are left to cheer thee
In thy loss, unhappy state,
Yet fondest still, and still dear thee,
I'll love and share thy fate.

EXTRAORDINARY ACTION FOR SLANDER.

On Tuesday, Dec. 31st, an action of damages for alleged injury to character and feelings came before the Lord Justice Clerk and a jury in the court of sessions at Edinburgh, Scotland. The plaintiff was Peter Ferguson, Forres; and the defendant, George Maclean, formerly tailor, and now bathman at the Clunyhill Hydropatic Establishment, Forres; and the amount of damage claimed was £250. The issue sent to trial was as to whether, on different days during July last, the defendant made false, calumnious statements to various persons in Forres regarding the plaintiff and an English lady whom he was then treating for cancer. Several witnesses were examined, the plaintiff among the number. It appeared that for about eight years prior to July 29th, 1872, he was a principal bathman at the Clunyhill Hydropathic Establishment. He was married, and was what was called a "rubber." When at Clunyhill he was in constant practice of attending patients, male and female, at their private residences, and administering to them similar treatment to that which was obtainable at the hydropathic establishment. He also resorted sometimes to mesmerism, which he had found to be of great benefit in many instances in curing and ameliorating disease. He had attended the lady in question in this case at her own request at Edgar's hotel in Forres, and had treated her ailment in the usual manner. There had never been the slightest impropriety between him and his patient. He had never kissed her; and the only thing which could lead people to think he had been on the wrong side to suppose that he had done so was that, in treating the affected part (the breast), he required to breathe upon it. The lady might have said, when in pain, "Oh! dear, Doctor!" but he had never said to her, "I love you dear y," and she had never answered, "I know you do." The hydropathic treatment for cancer varied. Sometimes the sponging of the affected and neighboring parts, and the rubbing of them; and he considered such operations quite proper for a male to perform. He had taken the lady to church in Forres several times. Before he had treated her for cancer, she had suffered from disease of the leg; and, leaning upon his arm with one hand, and holding a staff in the other, she had frequently gone to church with him. He had succeeded in curing her of that disease of the leg. His wife and other persons had found fault with him for going with the lady to church. He supposed there had been a little jealousy in his wife's mind as to what people might say about his attending ladies. She had never accused him of being too intimate with the lady whom he had thus accompanied. He had corresponded with his patient when she was away from Forres. During one week, at least, he had received a letter from her every day. She had paid him for his services, and had given him a book and a mark for a testament. He had been a "rubber" while he was a railway porter at Alexandria, Dumbartonshire. He had been dismissed from the post he had held as bathman and "rubber" at Clunyhill hydropathic establishment because, he believed, of the reports which had been circulated by the defendant. Of the other witnesses, two deposed to having, while on watch outside a bedroom in Edgar's hotel, heard the plaintiff and his patient use the endearing expressions which the former denied were employed, and to having heard a sound as of kissing and "slapping." The jury, after a short absence, returned with an unanimous verdict for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at £10.

A SUIT FOR $40,000.

A Husband turns up after Thirty Years' Absence and Dumbfounds Counsel and Witnesses.

In the Brooklyn City Court Mrs. Elizabeth Spicer, who has brought suit to recover $40,000, as her dower of the estate of the late John Spicer, was cross-examined on Jan. 22d, in the course of which saying:—"I was born in Maine, and, when fifteen years old, I left my parents, who were poor, and was employed in a millinery store in Boston. There I met Mr. Hugh P. Miller, to whom I was married. We lived for a while in my native town, and then removed to Jamaica Plains. It was at this place, over thirty years ago, that my husband abandoned me. I sought for him everywhere. Four years after he abandoned me I was informed that he was dead." She then related the story of her marriage with a man named Bell, whom she had arrested and convicted for bigamy, and her marriage to Mr. John Spicer. As Mrs. Spicer descended from the stand, Mr. Spicer's lawyer arose and in a loud voice called the name of Hugh P. Miller. Mrs. Spicer stood amazed and overwhelmed with confusion. Her counsel were thunderstruck, and all the audience arose and viewed the old man, who arose in answer to his name. He bore the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, and said that, instead of abandoning his wife, she abandoned him.

He testified as follows:—"We left Jamaica Plains and came to New York to live. Two weeks after I returned home at noon. My wife was gone, and all the furniture. I found a note stating that she had left me and would never return, and that I need not look for her. I met her after that one day on the street, and she told me she had married a man named Bell. I accepted the situation and went to sea, which I followed for ten or twelve years. I then went to Worcester, Mass., where I now reside. During the examination of this witness Mrs. Spicer never removed her eyes from him, and seemed struck dumb with amazement. It was the first time she had seen him since the day on the street when she told him she was living with Bell, over thirty years ago. The Rev. Mr. Cone, whom Mrs. Spicer says married her, is dead. His son exhibited the record of marriages. In it was the record of her marriage to Bell, under the name of Elizabeth G. Farrington. There was no record of her marriage to John Spicer. The case, nevertheless, terminated on Jan. 24th, in a verdict for the alleged Mrs. Spicer, to whom the jury awarded the sum of $5,772.85.

DAMAGES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

An action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff was a young girl named Louisa Edney, aged 20, and the defendant Wm. P. Thomas, a dapper young man six years her senior, was heard at the sheriff's court, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng. Louisa was seduced by the defendant, who assisted his father, the landlord of the Star Tavern, Belgravia. A child was born, and when he was the father, and, after repeated promises to marry the young woman, he had married another, and the plaintiff had therefore brought her action. Louisa testified that she went to the Star Tavern five years ago to assist in the house and to serve in the bar. The defendant succeeded in seducing her a fortnight afterwards. She remained at the house about two years, and then went to her father and mother in Warwickshire for five months, and after an absence of five months the intimacy was renewed. The defendant promised he would make her his wife when she was old enough. They visited her friends, and the defendant wished her to say she was his wife, and she did so. He purchased a wedding-ring and two anchors. A number of letters were produced, in which the defendant styled her his "Darling lovey," and subscribed himself her "Beloved husband." From the second intimacy a child was born on the 13th of February, 1871, and she had lived with him as his wife on her return from Warwickshire. He ceased to visit her last August, and she heard he was married in September last. He had told her on Jan. 20th, to call in a week at the house, occasional presents, and the rent of a stable. The defendant appeared in court, and said he had no means to pay. The affair had ruined him. On being sworn, he said he was now only allowed £1 a week by his father. He was ruined by this case. Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell told him he had seduced the plaintiff when not 15 years of age. He had ruined her and then himself. He told the jury to give such damages as would benefit the young woman—moderate damages would probably be paid, but not large damages. Such a person as the defendant was not entitled to consideration, but only the young woman. The jury, after a deliberation, assessed the damages at £150.

A SUBJECT WITH UNCONTROLLABLE FITS OF LOVING.

In Louisville, Ky., a short time since, a young man laid siege to the heart of a young lady, a resident of that city, who ultimately surrendered the fortress unto his keeping. A day was appointed for the nuptuals, friends were invited, good things to eat and drink were provided, and all the concomitants for well-regulated weddings were prepared. The day came, the guests came, but the bridegroom—"the young man from the country"—came not.

The mother of the bride that was to be went and interviewed the son-in-law that should have been. She told him of her daughter—how, like Amy in "Locksly Hall," her "cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young," and how she was pining away from disappointment and grief. The young man observed, deprecatingly, that the young lady had never been very fat, but the would-be mother-in-law parried this thrust and represented to him the impropriety of his conduct in such moving terms that he felt bound to apologize. He accordingly told the old lady that he was sorry to have grieved and disappointed her daughter and herself, but that he was the subject of uncontrollable fits of loving, and when one of these came upon him he could not keep from courting somebody. This, he said, was a disease, and that he was in no sense responsible for anything he did while this temporary madness was upon him. If he had, under the power of this malady, made love to her daughter, he was sorry for it, but he could not help it. If she doubted his word he said he could bring hundreds of physicians to prove that such a disease existed, and hundreds of his acquaintances to prove that he had it. The lady from Louisville went home a sadder if not a wiser woman. Before she left she expressed great sympathy for the young man, observing that "it was such a pity he could not be cured."

WIFE-BEATING BY A MINISTER.—A special dispatch to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, dated Richmond, Ind., Jan. 16th, says:—On last Monday the Rev. J. Rehsteiner, late pastor of the Frank lin street Lutheran church, this city, was arraigned before Mayor Poe and fined $120 40 for whipping his wife in a most brutal manner. Yesterday a reporter of the *Telegram* called on Mrs. Rehsteiner and learned from her own lips that her husband, on the 27th of last month, while she was taking a bath, came into the room and whipped her on her nude person with a carriage-whip until she was literally covered with welts and scars, and that he again attempted to chastise her in the same manner last Saturday night after she had retired. The community was so incensed by the news of this outrage that Rehsteiner thought it best to leave town yesterday. Not knowing that he had gone, some parties, seemingly intent on inflicting corporeal punishment upon him, gathered around his house last night about one o'clock, but dispersed on being fired at by a brother of Rehsteiner, who was within.

WAS IT A RAPE?—Frank Darting, an overseer in a Rochdale mill, has been charged at the Worcester, Mass., police head-quarters, with having committed a rape on the daughter of a man named Carpenter, said daughter being an employee of said mill. Darting was taken before the presiding judge in such cases on Jan. 20th, and held in $4,000 bail for appearance on the Thursday following. The accused admits the act, but denies that it was a rape, and says that they had met in the Rochdale school-house a great many nights before.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—Under this caption, in the CLIPPER of Jan. 25th, we gave an account of how George Sherburne had been arrested for being the principal in the elopement of Miss Josephine Drew, the daughter of wealthy parents, of Concord, N. H., and to his pleading guilty, and being held in $2,000 bail to answer the charge at the April term of the supreme court. Since his incarceration in jail, Sherburne has given a very minute history of his intercourse with the Drew girl. He has detailed all the steps in their criminality, which began last spring and was almost unsuspected till within a few days of their elopement. Sherburne says this step was first suggested by the girl; that after all the arrangements had been made he was hopeful that she would draw back. When they met at Nashua they proceeded to Rhode Island, thence to Jersey City and took board. Miss Drew became sick shortly after their arrival there, and so remained until she died. Sherburne says that he several times proposed to her to telegraph to her parents, but she objected. He seemed in tolerable spirits after being assured that he was in no danger from a mob. This is his story. Trying to throw the blame on the girl is anything but manly, and but little credence will be given to his statement.

FAITHLESS WOMAN.—One of the saddest instances of woman's faithlessness with which we have ever met was that of the wife of a man in Syracuse. It seems that the couple had arranged that for six months the husband was to get up and make the kitchen fire, and that the wife was to perform the task for the succeeding six months. The man's half year expired on the 2d, and on the morning of the 3d the woman suddenly died. He is nearly broken-hearted over his affliction. He says if he could only have foreseen this bereavement, he would have shuffled her out of bed every morning since May.

CORA PEARL.—This *femme à la mode*, whilst retiring to Monaco *en boudant peut être*, intends to astonish the badauds by the sale of her furniture and articles of vertu. We find on the bills sculptures such as Francis I at Fontainebleau or Louis XIV at Versailles would have been afraid to order. The catalogue also comprises a full-size marble statue of Apollo, said to be a gift of Prince Napoleon, and another silver statue which is recorded as a *souvenir* from one of the potentates who honored the 1867 exhibition with their presence. It is said, however, that Cora is at present at one of the West End hotels in London.

BASE BALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1873.

Short Fielders.

The position of short-stop is one of the most important in the in-field, and no matter how ably all the other positions may be attended to, if the short-field is in the hands of an incompetent player the nine will fall in half their contests. It especially requires that activity of judgment and quick appreciation of the salient points of a contest which lead a fielder not only to discharge the immediate duties of his own position, but to aid the fielders adjoining him; in other words, the short-stop should be eminently active and efficient in that style of play known as "backing up." Probably there is no one position in the field to which so many balls are sent from the bat as to that of "short-stop," that player having to cover more ground than any other in the field in proportion to the number of balls sent him. The short-fielder requires to be in full accord with the pitcher in regard to being familiar with the latter's special points of strategic play, so that he may duly prepare either to stand in closer or out further than usual. He should also be able to understand signals from the catcher, in order that the latter player, in throwing to second base, should be posted as to which man to throw to—second baseman or short-stop. Thus, for instance, if a player be on first base, ready to run to second, and he should see the second baseman ready to receive a ball, he will hesitate to run; but should he see the baseman standing at "right short," leaving the second base apparently unprotected, he will run the risk of attempting to make the base. In this case the short-field should be able to signal the catcher that he is ready for the put-out, and at the same time that the catcher prepares to throw the ball to the base the short-stop should be there to receive it, the latter starting to run from short to second just as the base-runner starts to run from first to second. We merely refer to this point in order to illustrate the character of fielding an effective short-stop is called upon constantly to attend to. He should always be in motion while the ball is in play in the field, first in watching balls that are sent to his own position, secondly in backing up the third base, and lastly in playing the second-baseman's position, or in supporting the pitcher, to which player he should be a sort of special attendant, in order to save him as much work as he can. Moreover, the short-stop requires to be an exceedingly swift and accurate thrower, as of all positions wild throwing from short-field is the most costly. He should also be a very sure catch, especially in judging of those difficult high balls which almost belong to the out-fielder's position to take. The short-field is especially adapted for an active fielder of short stature, as they can more readily attend to those short, sharp grounders which form the majority of balls to the short-stop's position, and which are generally so difficult for a tall or heavily-built man to attend to.

The model short-fielder of the country is George Wright, and in our comments on this player and his brother for the past three or four seasons we have merely had to reiterate more or less of our original statements, which were to the effect that just as they were highly esteemed professional cricketers, so have they been in the base-ball fraternity. Of course the class whose record for fair dealing with clubs and of square play as professional ball-tossers will not bear very close scrutiny do not relish the praise awarded to meritorious members of the fraternity of the Wright class, these men will be found charging "partiality," because uprightness of character is made the first test with us of a professional's record. There are many of the same class of manly, reliable ball-tossers as the Wright brothers, and we have always taken a pride in holding them up as worthy examples. And just here comes in a point which is worthy of notice. Such men as the players referred to are never found in the winter season resorting to the haunts of vice, as many professionals do; we can name several who now do little else in this city; but they avail themselves of the leisure of the winter to work at some trade or business. This is as all professional ball players *should* do, but they don't. What is the result? Why, that those players who, at this time of the year, are found dissipating, are so lowering their physical condition as to make them of little service as players, while, besides this, they are securing a reputation which cannot but place them in the category of those "frauds" of the fraternity who are at the service of the highest bidder of the betting rings.

As we said before, the model short-fielder of the country is George Wright, who, even since his injury to his knee, has had no superior in the position, and, in fact, none that equal him, in our humble opinion. Though in some games last season George did not play up to his usual high standard, in a majority of the contests in which he took part his fielding was a model display. As a "thrower," George is astonishingly swift and accurate, while as a "catchist" he is one of the surest in the fraternity. But it is in his picking up sharp grounders on the run, and in getting the ball to first-base in time, that he specially excels, besides which, the amount of ground he covers and the work he does in "backing up," is surprising. Without him the Boston club last season would scarcely have secured a position of second in the race for the pennant, strong as they were in nearly all of the positions of their nine.

Next to George Wright, Force's play was most noteworthy, Force being just suited physically for the position. A fine thrower, as lithe and active as a cat, always in earnest, and always to be depended upon to do his best to win, little Force ranks as one of the most serviceable players in the country. Properly his position is that of short-stop, though he played third-base remarkably well last season. Force played in the Troy nine in 1872, and afterwards in the Baltimore Club, the latter of which he materially strengthened in a very weak spot.

The veteran short-stop of the country is Dick Pearce, of the Mutual nine of 1872, of which he was captain as well. But Dick, finding that he could not obtain the requisite authority to discipline his force, wisely resigned his position; not, however, until he had made his team one of the sharpest fielding *corps* of the season. No player is so thoroughly versed in playing the points of the game in the in-field, nor are there many who can equal Pearce in the weakness of an adversary's play in more cool or critical emergencies. But Pearce's play and his peculiar characteristics are too well known to need comment. Suffice it to say that this year he will be at home again in the old club, and, if we mistake not, he will show what he can do, veteran as he is in the ranks.

Dick is the originator of that strategetic style of batting known as "bat-foul hits," the most difficult balls to field, as well as to hit properly, that there are. Any muffin batsman can hit a fair ball to the out-field, but it takes considerable judgment, a quick eye, plenty of nerve and skilful batting to make first-base by a well hit but fair-foul ball. When it is well done, it is a certain hit for first base, and any hit that ensures one base against sharp fielding shows skillful batting.

McGeary, of the Athletic nine, displayed marked ability as a short-fielder last season, and with experience he will excel, but, in having to act as change-catcher, he necessarily got things mixed up at times. The fact is, no player can really excel in any one position unless he plays it constantly and feels himself at home in it.

Radcliffe, of the Baltimore nine, is another old catcher who adopted the short-fielder's position, in which he is rapidly attaining a high position.

"Mack," of the Athletics, tried to play short-stop last season, but the experiment proved a costly one to the Athletics. He was "at home" at first-base, and abroad at short-field.

Burdock showed some very good fielding at short-stop in the Atlantic nine last season, but we think he will be more effective at second-base. He is a good general player, ready to fill almost any position, and do it well. Thus far he has no *home* position. The sooner he adopts one the better for his reputation as a fielder, as every ball-player ought to play so as to feel more at home in one particular position than in any other.

Fulmer did some good play as short-field for the Mutuals, but apparently things did not work favorably enough to develop his full strength.

Holdsworth, of the Cleveland and Eckford nines, promised to excel. As a fielder he is first-class, but he lacks strategic ability.

Jas. Snyder, of the Eckfords, also played very finely during the season, especially in two or three games.

A CHARGE DISMISSED.—At San Francisco, on Jan. 11th, a special meeting of the Pacific Base Ball Convention was held, to dispose of the charges of illegal playing preferred against the Wide Awake Club by the Eagle Club. The illegal playing, as charged, consisted in the Wide Awakes playing three men in a match with the Eagles on the 7th of September. It was charged that the men belonged to the Grizzly Club within less than SIXTY days of the match. After a prolonged discussion the charge was dismissed by unanimous vote, the Eagles and Wide Awakes declining to vote.

DIA CLUB, JUNIOR, OF CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—This New England club, which won the junior championship of Massachusetts from eleven competitors during the past season, is in a most prosperous condition, and they look forward confidently to gain fresh laurels ere the present year closes. Out of twenty-three games played last year they were defeated but twice—once each by the Boston and Howard clubs, both of which they subsequently vanquished.

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT STUFFED OWLS.—While delivering a lecture in Boston the other night Dr. Willis told a droll story of himself. He said that at one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the Doctor to his friend, "that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskilful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemnly winked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon.

COCKING.

CHICKEN MAIN FOR $1,000.

New York vs. Long Island.

LONG ISLAND VICTORIOUS.

The long-expected chicken main between New York and Long Island, which has for some weeks past been anticipated with great eagerness by the metropolitan lovers of the sport, came off on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21st, at a well-known pit in the adjoining state of New Jersey, the exact locality it is unnecessary to particularize. The veteran fancier, John Mulholland, represented the Empire City, while William Walton, better known by the name of "Brummy," derived from the place of his nativity in England, did battle for Long Island. This was the second of the mains fought between those doughty warriors this season; the first one, which was between cocks, having resulted in favor of John Mulholland after one of the most exciting, and at the same time disgraceful, contests of the most disgraceful ever witnessed; New York scoring eight out of the thirteen battles fought, in none of which was there a single runaway, every one being obstinately contested to the bitter end, so well matched were the arrangements for the first main, and so pleased was every one present with the sport witnessed, that on the occasion of the second main, double the number of matches were made, the pit was filled to its utmost capacity with nearly all the leading patrons of the sport belonging to this section. They anticipated a night of unusual good sport, and their hopes were more than realized, for a better programme of cocks and cocking was never witnessed, and every one returned home at its termination fully satisfied that the well-known high reputations of both principals as breeders of game birds, had been justly maintained.

The conditions of agreement were that each party should show seventeen "mains" at weights ranging from 4 lbs to 5 lbs., and fight all that fell in for $100 each battle and $1,000 the odd fight deciding the main. On comparing the lists, after the process of weighing, had been gone through with, it was found that only eleven on each side had been matched, and consequently there would be that number of battles. Then speculation immediately commenced, at first at even money, but soon offers to bet $110 to $100 became plentiful—the fact of Mulholland's previous victory in the main of cocks inspiring the New Yorkers with confidence. Betting was very spirited, for the partisans of "Brummy" were, as they ever are, gamblers of his winning the main and money. John Mulholland handled and headed his own fowls, while the experienced "Andy" performed the same good offices for the Long Island birds. George Jakeway was agreed upon as referee, and his decisions were characterised by impartiality.

First Battle.—The heavy weights, two five pounders, were first pitted, New York showing a black red and Long Island a brown red. Both birds were of fine quality, and fit to fight. Directly the birds were put down the fight commenced with unexampled ferocity on both sides. Fly for fly, buckle for buckle, they met in mid air with a crack like the report of a pistol, each giving and receiving desperate wounds from the glittering steel. On the fifth fly the New York undaunted fell dead, transfixed through the brain with the sharp spur of his triumphant antagonist. Time, 1 min.

2. The defeat of the New York bird in the previous fight did not deter the partisans of Mulholland from again offering odds on the next bird he produced; a black red four-pounder, opposed to a brown red of the same weight and color from Long Island. Both were game to the backbone, and the fight was a merry one while it lasted, which was just 3 min.; the Long Islander receiving a throat-cut on the fifth fly, and falling dead in the middle of the pit. The New Yorkers waxed jubilant at this result, which placed the tally even.

3. Two 4lb. 8oz. birds were shown; the New Yorker a black red, and Long Islander a brown red, each of them handsome stallioned birds. The betting was $20 to $18 on the black red, and $20 to $16 was occasionally laid by some sanguine follower of the Empire fortunes. A better fight has never been seen, both stags being dead game, and fine cutters. Victory wavered in the balance for a long time, first one and then the other having the best of the contest, and the betting fluctuated accordingly from odds to even money. The struggle was a grand one while it lasted, Long Islander got home a lucky brain-blow, and the black red fell dead in his tracks. Time, 35 min.

4. Two 4lb. 10oz. chickens were next brought in; Long Island opposing a pyle to a New York black red which was the favorite at $25 to $20, with plenty of takers. This fight was of equal excellence and productive of as much excitement as the previous one, in full accord with the pyle as to size and color. New Yorker was sent spinning across the pit dead from a brain-blow, that the victory was awarded Long Island. Time, 37 min.

5. A New York pitted a spangle against a Long Island pyle, both weighing the same, 4lbs. 15oz. The spangle was a grand stallioned bird, and so impressed the New York division with his good looks that $25 to $20 was currently offered that he won his fight. He was as good as he looked, for, although the Long Islander was a rattler, he could not stand against the fierce onslaughts of his antagonist, and yet he never quit fighting until he was dead. Time, 15min.

6. The fights now stood, Long Island three against two for New York. The latter produced a magnificent pyle against a Long Island black red. The betting was in favor of the pyle, $25 to $20 being current, and after a rattling fight, short and sharp, he laid out the Long Islander dead in the pit with a throat-cut.

7. The battles were now even, and the New York division exulting in their anticipated victory, as they had some of their best-looking birds up in pit. Their representative in this fight was a 4lbs. 11oz. black red, against a brown red for Long Island of the same weight. For 15 minutes they fought desperately, cutting each other to pieces with the deadly steel, until a fortunate fly sent the Long Islander's spur whizzing through the brain of the New Yorker and gave another victory to "Brummy."

8. Long Island showed a duckwing against New York's black red, each weighing 4lbs. 5oz. It was even betting now, but the fight was quickly decided, for after a sharp struggle, the black red and placed the Long Islander's score two fights ahead.

9. A brown red for Long Island, 4lbs. 10oz., opposed to a black red for New York, 4lbs. 8oz. The latter was a splendid fighter, a quick hitter, and punishing cutter, and in 4 minutes he had scored the victory for his party, notwithstanding he was an ounce the lighter bird. Score, Long Island, 5; New York, 4.

10. Long Island pitted a 4lbs. 7oz. black red against a New York brown red two ounces heavier. Betting, $30 to $18 on the brown red, who, although he had the advantage in weight, could not dispose of his antagonist until after a desperate battle, lasting 9 mins., when the grey succumbed to a throat-cut, and the fights stood even.

11. A black red for Long Island, weighing 4lbs. 6oz., opposed to a black muff, 4lbs. 4oz., for New York, were pitted for the battle deciding the main. The muff was a rattler, but weight and condition told, and Long Island won. Summary:—

Battles.	*New York.*	*Long Island.*	*Weights.* *lbs. oz.*	*Won by*
1	Black red	Brown red	5.00	L. I.
2	Black red	Brown red	4.00	N. Y.
3	Black red	Brown red	4.06	L. I.
4	Black red	Pyle	4.10	L. I.
5	Spangle	Pyle	4.15	N. Y.
6	Pyle	Black red	4.09	N. Y.
7	Black red	Brown red	4.11	L. I.
8	Black red	Duckwing	4.04	L. I.
9	Black red	Brown red	4.09 4.10	N. Y.
10	Brown red	Grey	4.09 4.07	N. Y.
11	Black muff	Black red	4.04 4.06	L. I.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The spring race meeting of the Kentucky Association will commence at Lexington on May 12th..... The famous trotting mare Princess, Flora Temple's old-time opponent, is looking remarkably well at this time, and although in her 23th year, there is every indication of her being again in foal. She is owned by Mr. Bonner, who bred her to his own stallion, Edward Everett..... Mr. John P. Chamberlain has secured the pool privileges at Jerome Park for the season of 1873..... The owner of the trotting horse Doughnut, who won the $300 match race on the ice at Highland Falls on Jan. 14th, beating Rosebud, refused $2,000 for him after the race..... Mr. J. Leaven's white horse White Cloud won a $100 purse at Bergen last week, beating Richie d'Elmi. Fannie Raymond and George H. Mitchell's Castle Boy is recovering from the severe injuries he received while trotting to sleigh at McComb's Dam last week, and although badly cut Reuben Doppe is hopeful of having him in a few days..... The Hon. Charles Stanford, of Schenectady, N. Y., a brother to ex-Governor Stanford, of California, the owner of Occident, is forming a breeding establishment for trotters at his farm near that place..... Mr. William Turnbull, of this city, has sold his celebrated trotting stallion Commodore Vanderbilt (who has a record of 2:23) to Gen. Singleton, of Quincy, Ills., for the stud..... The thoroughbred horse Skaddaddle by Oliver, cam by Medoc, died on the 11th of January, of lockjaw, at his owner's stable in Marion county, Ky. It was upon the back of this horse that General John Morgan made his escape from the place of his imprisonment at Columbus, Ohio, and which he last rode during the war.

SPORT ON THE ICE.

Below we print summaries of several trots recently decided on the ice:—

HUNTSVILLE, Mass., Jan. 18.—Purse $125, for horses that never beat 2:50; $75 to first, $30 to second; mile heats, 3 in 5, to sleighs.

C. M. Gage entered b g Shoo Fly	1	1	1
G. H. Frink entered br g Little Frank	2	2	2
Ed. F. Gill entered b m Lady Gill	3	3	3
George N. Cook entered ch g Billy	dr		

No time except in last heat—2:45.

SARE DAY.—Purse $75, for horses that never beat 2:45; $50 to first, $25 to second; mixed conditions.

C. H. Gage entered b g Jack Sheppard	1	1	1
A. F. Wilde entered g g Frank H	4	3	2
Geo. N. Cook entered w m White Bird	3	4	3
H. H. Harris entered g g Calamity	2	2	dr

No time except in last heat—2:38.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 14.—Match $300; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Owner entered blk h Doughnut	1	1	1
F. Kars entered ch g Rosebud	2	2	2

No time given.

TROTTING AT BEACON PARK.—The first races of the season at Beacon Park, Riverside, Brighton, Mass., took place on Jan. 21st, when two interesting contests came off. The attendance, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, was rather light. A purse of $75, for the winner of the first race, was the first offering, in mile heats, best three in five, and was won by Victory Boy, owned by H. Carter, in three straight heats, beating Tommy Dick, South Boston Boy, and Mark Twain. Time of best heat, 2:49. The next, a team race, mile heats, was trotted between A. W. Sargent's Northern Chief and Brook, and Daniel Bexley's Tride and Grace. The team of the former came off victorious. Time, 2:39½ and 2:38½. There was a pretty good sprinkling of the "old sports" on the track, and much spirit was evinced in the meeting.

TROTTING MATCH TO SLEIGHS.—An exciting impromptu trotting match for $100 and basket of wine came off last week on the Kingsbridge road, near this city, and caused a good deal of interest among trotting men. The match was between Mr. Pride's bay horse and Mr. Sherry's bay pony, the course being from Inwood to Kingsbridge Hotel, and two in three. Messrs. J. O. H. Cummings, of Yonkers, and J. H. Turnure, the host of the hotel, officiated as judges. They got off well together, and after a closely contested heat, the bay horse won by three lengths and he became the favorite in the betting. But the knowing ones were taken in, for the pony won the two next heats and the race, after a well-maintained struggle throughout.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

THOS. COYLE, Boston, Mass.—If the man you jumped with was a single man, you must stop in the king-row until your adversary makes a move. If a King, you are correct, and your friend loses his wager.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Those who have remitted money for the "Elements of Draughts" are hereby informed that the work is now ready, and the book will be mailed postpaid to the address of each. Please send present address.

Game No. 42.—Vol. 20.

"IRREGULAR."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..9 to 14	23 to 27	14..10 to 14(c)	17 to 10
2..11 16	27 18	15..7 14	30 26
3..8 11	29 25	16..3 7	26 23
4..4 8	30 26	17..15 18	23 19
5..8 9	32 27	18..11 16	19 15
6..5 14	26 23	19..16 20	15 11
7..11 16(a)	23 18	20..17 22(d)	25 21
8..10 26	27 10	21..29 24	10 6
9..1 14	31 22	22..26 31	6 1
10..14 17	22 13	23..24 27	21 17
11..3 7(b)	18 15	24..28 32	17 13
12..6 15	13 9	25..5 9	3 11
13..1 10	21 17	26..1 5	11 7

Drawn.

(a) The "first gun." (b) Black's best move. (c) The correct reply. (d) 16 to 19 loses at once.

Solution of Position No. 82.—Vol. 20.

BY J. DUPONT.

Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 14	2..18 to 15	3..14 to 5, Black wins.

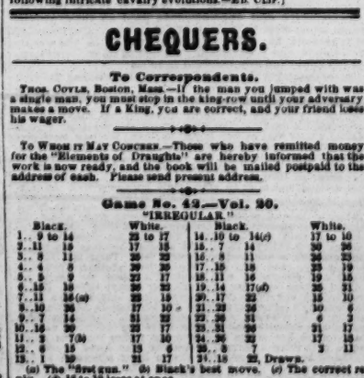
Solution of Position No. 83.—Vol. 20.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 7	8 to 10	6..12 to 8	4 to 11
2..13 7	14 5	8..16 32, White wins.	
3..26 22	15 26		

Position No. 84, Vol. 20. Position No. 85, Vol. 20.

BY J. S. FOX. BY "DRAUGHTS."

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and draw. White to move and win.

(*) Highly "ideal," but not without instructive points.—ED. D.D.

DANIEL CLARK, well known to the frequenters of the race-tracks in and around Boston, Mass., has succumbed to the depredations of the fell slayer. He was one of the popular pool-sellers upon the trotting-courses, and had been active on the turf for several years past. Lingering dyspepsia and consumption of the blood were the diseases under which he gave way in the above city on Jan. 18th.

ICE-TROTTING MATCHES.—On Jan. 17th two matches were made in Boston, Mass., by Mr. L. R. Weirs, of Burlington, Vt., with Mr. Charles Haley, of the Riverside Hotel, Brighton, Mass., to trot two races upon the ice at Worcester, on Feb. 7th and 14th. Mr. Weirs matches his horse Red Dan against Lady Franklin (a one of the races, and Black Walnut in the other, for $1,000 a side each race, play or pay.

A TROT to sleighs, for $50 a side, came off at Goshen, N. Y., on Jan. 23d, between E. Vanskickle's b g Lawyer and H. V. Bartlett's b m Bess, which was won by the former in two straight heats.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

DARIUS.—Sakuna No. 611 is too faulty to try to correct; the last Black Pawn in QR should be at K Kt 3d, yet Sakuna 62 has an error, apparently a clerical one of the 3d., the White Kt located at Q B sq., should be at K B sq.

ADOLPH ESSER.—After so long, our correspondent, just answered, has indicated the key to Prob. 611. Have you anything else anywhere near as good for us?

JOHN G. SELDEN.—Yes! though sorry, we appreciate, fully. Seen *that* game in CLIPPER?

CHAS. A. GILLESPIE.—Many thanks for your kind offer; do not copy the chess No. of CLIPPER till you have ample leisure—there is no haste. The package of CLIPPERS, of the days of the "Morphy C. R." and Jas. A. Leonard, is indeed a rare chess treasure which any one may be proud to possess.

JOS. N. BARNOW.—The missing No. of the "Stanley" was mailed you simultaneously with this "copy."

J. A. HALL VS. P. O'FARRELL.—At date of this writing we learn that each player has scored one game.

THE WESTMINSTER PAPERS' PROB. TOUR.—This contest is ended, and the prizes are provisionally awarded as follows:—1st. "Who won the battle of Waterloo." 2d. "The Westminster Chimes." 3d. "Qui pert Paches." When we know the authors we shall treat our readers to these prize positions.

BRILLIANCY, JUDGED BY A BRILLIANT.—No more brilliant games were ever played than those of Steinitz and Zukertort in their recent encounter.—Cockrane.

ANOTHER PITHY TESTIMONY.—These really great players (Herren Steinitz and Zukertort) adopt great openings, as the fearless man baithsat takes a header at Scarborough, while little men hold to a little rope, and shake their little legs in the waves of the Serpentine.—*G. Walker.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—We trust the seeming erotism may not be too conspicuous, if we repeat the following most generous appreciation of our efforts from our English monthly contemporary, the *Westminster Papers*. After naming one or two with us as "excellent examples of what newspaper chess columns should be," it adds:—"But we must confess that the CLIPPER is our favorite; and, being the particular organ of American composers, it should be seen by every chess player interested in the problem variety of the game. Its columns have rarely been in a duller, and never in a bad one, in the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and if we may judge from the Editor's correspondents, every position undergoes an extraordinary rigid and critical examination from his readers."

Notes on Kling's Chess Euclid.—No. 13.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

In order to sum up as to the *status* of the two-more problems that have now been passed in "Review," and, hereafter, of the remaining problems with the Knight, the following definitions are laid down as the basis of a uniform system of classification.

I.—VARIATION.

Each change in the Defence that demands a change in the Attack produces a variation.

II.—PERFECT PROBLEM.

When the Defence has one or more moves, or series of moves, in each such variation that permit no choice for the Attack, the problem is practically correct, but not necessarily of the highest degree of perfection, which follows, only:—When every possible move of the Defence permits but one reply.

III.—DEFECTIVE PROBLEM.

In the former case, that is:—When, in every variation, certain moves, but not every possible move, of the Defence, permit but one reply, the problem may be termed, for the sake of distinction, "Defective."

IV.—IMPERFECT PROBLEM.

When in one or more variations, but not in every variation, the Defence has no move that permits but one reply, the problem is "Imperfect."

V.—FAULTY PROBLEM.

When every variation is imperfect, but still the main idea of the solution remains unchanged, the problem is "Faulty."

VI.—UNSOUND PROBLEM.

When the problem may

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

TO APPLICANTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS' POSITIONS.—While thanking the many gentlemen who have proffered their services as correspondents, we would respectfully inform them, and all who may hereafter propose to act in that capacity, that we do not require any additional correspondents, and trust that this notice may be considered as a reply to the numerous applications we have received.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of the name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Alexander, Laura
Avery, Carrie
Atherton, Alice
Arnoldi, Manora
Arthur, Fannie
Brandon, Mrs. Ellen
Bruce, Hallie
Blake, Annie
Blanchard, Mrs. Lew's
Beaumont, Virginia
Beaumont, Pauline
Cotton, Ella
Cornforth, Mrs.
Crabtree, Lotta, &c.
Clifton, Emma
Conrad, Miss Sid.
Chapman, Ella (2)
Dare, Leona (2)
Drayton, Alice
De Haven, Mrs. C.
Daly, Polly
France, Alice, &c.
Gordon, Hallie
Gray, Miss
Harris, Mrs. W.
Howe, Sidney (2)
Hubbard, Addie
Herring, Fannie
Holmes, Lucy A.
Howard, Jennie
Howard, Lee (2)
Hayward, Wm.
Wright, Mrs. F.
Hamilton & Madge (2)
Hayden, W. F.
Hart, Tom
Hanley, Fred. T. S.
Hawley, D. E.
Hurst, John
Hamilton, Tom
Hall, Mrs.
Holbrook, Dave
Haight, Sarah
Irwin, Bobbie
Irish, Rose A.
Joel, J. J.
Jefferson, Joseph
Jenkins, John J.
Johnson, Sammy
Jordan, M. J.
Johnson & Powers
Jakeway, Joseph
Kent, Frank
Kirsly, Imre (3) &c.
Kiehl, Jacob
Keeler, S. T.
Korpin, Col.
Levy, Cy.
Leigh, W. H.
Lent, L. B. (2)
Leonard, Wells
Lantier, W. H. (2)
Linton, Guy
La Clair, James
Lothingwell, M. W.
Lindsay, Jas.
Leopold, Geo. (2)
Leon, Herbert
Loper, A. G.
Lawlor, W. F. (2) &c.
Lushie, Ben
Leogar, Clifford
Mitchell, Johnny
Morrow, Geo.
McKee, Andy
Miles, Paddy
Mackenzie, F. (Flutist)
McNeil, William
Mack, James
Morrow, Geo.
Moody (Pure King)
Miller, Master Harry
Miles, Alf
Mansfield, Fred.
Melrose, Frank
Martino, Prof.
Maywood, J. W.
Moore, Law G.
Merritt, Chas.
Mudge, H. Y.
McMannus, C. A.
Morris&Rice Minstrels (Manager)
Milburn, J. H.
McHugh, William (2)
Mathis, A. W.
Morris, John
Mahon, F.
Nightingale, J. H.
Neary, James
Nashby, Joseph
Nichols, Chas. T. (2)
Nash, D. D.
Ottawa Chief
Oglesby, R. M.
Ogden, A.
O'Lynn, Brien (2)
Orton, Miss
Pell, Charles
Payson, W. F.
Pelt, Eddie L.
Pullman Brothers (2)
Phillips, Gus
Pastel Family
Parker, Ned
Pudens, Chas. J.
Roberts, F. D.
Rogers, Bob
Rhinehart, Geo.
Ringe, — (Candy Butcher)
Rand, James D.
Reynolds, Geo.
Richards, A. E. (2)
Rice, Dan
Rayhold, George
Reynolds Brothers
Ricardo, Mr.
Robbins, Alic
Robinson, Frank (2)
Read, Chas.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Scanlon, Wm. E.
Siddart, J. H.
Stanley, Frank
Shaw, Mr.
Sharpley, Nelson, &c.
Sawyer, John H.
Sanford, Col. James P.
Sullivan, Wm.
Sexton, M. C.
Springer, Andy
Sartori, Albert
Stanhope, F. (3)
Stetson, F. C.
Schwarz, John
Shay, Johnson
Schoolcraft, Lake
Showles, Jacob (3)
Stanion, Bobby
Schultz, — (Candy Butcher)
Springer, A. J.
Skaiglet, G. J.
Sharpley, Jr., Sol
Sherman, Wm.
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Stuart, Ed.
Smith, Harry
Sherry, J. F. (3)
Saynor, Harry (2)
Sankey, Newton W. (2) &c.
Toomey, W. F.
Templeton, John (2)
Thompson, W. J. (3)
Thompson, Mr. & Mrs. Chas.
Vernon, Kate
Whitland, Kitty (2)
Walker, Matilda, &c.
Woodruff, Mary
Wood, Annie, &c.
Wasson Sisters
West, Eva E.
Weatherby, Elma
Segrina, Nellie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Goss, Ned
Gibson, A. B.
Griffin, C. L.
Grover, J. Holmes
Harrison, Wm.
Hoto, Hy.
Hogan, John
Haight, John
Hall, Frank
Hamilton, Wm.
Hall, Wm. F. Y.
Hunt, Sidney
Jakeway, Joseph
Kent, Frank
Kirsly, Imre (3) &c.
Kiehl, Jacob
Keeler, S. T.
Korpin, Col.
Levy, Cy.
Leigh, W. H.
Lent, L. B. (2)
Leonard, Wells
Lantier, W. H. (2)
Linton, Guy
La Clair, James
Lothingwell, M. W.
Lindsay, Jas.
Leopold, Geo. (3)
Leon, Herbert
Loper, A. G.
Lawlor, W. F. (2) &c.
Lushie, Ben
Leogar, Clifford
Mitchell, Johnny
Morrow, Geo.
McKee, Andy
Miles, Paddy
Mansfield, Helen J.
Moore, Ciara
McClellan, Jennie
Murrillo, Fannie
Mamilla, Zella
O'Neil, Kathleen
Proch, Mrs. J. A.
Pike, Dollie

Adams, Tommy
Allison, Chas. W.
Abbott, Chas.
Billings, A. D.
Bryant & Eagan
Bryant, P. H.
Bell, Willie F. Y.
Bliss, Harry
Barnum, Henry
Borgia, E. S.
Bates, Thos. J.
Bernard, J. F.
Baton, Harry C.
Bailey, Jas. A.
Bunker, Jas.
Becker, C. W.
Batchelor, Billy
Barnum, F.
Bartholomew, G. H.
Brown, Eli
Bartell, S. M.
Boston, C. H. (2)
Barnard, James E.
Bergheaus, Tom
Brown & Sandford
Blanchard, Edwin
Brown, E. E.
Bonham, Frank
Cole, W. W.
Chandran, Frank S.
Castelli, Sig. (Lilliputian)
Conrad, J. W.
Cannon, J. A.
Cannon, Jr., Kit
Conrad, Wm.
Cooper, James E.
Coleman, D. W.
Crum, A. C. (4)
Cady, O. H.
Coon, Ed.
Conway, Neil
Cooper, George
Cole, W. B.
Cole, Sam (2)
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Chapman, Tom
Clark, Doc.
Cassell Family
Derives George (2)
De Haven, Geo. W. (3)
Dexter, John
Detallie, Wm. (3) &c.
Durand, A. P.
Donallo, Dan
De Haven, Claude (3)
Dar, Chas. H.
Dumont, Frank
Dolan, J. H.
De Hott, Chas. E.
"Derby"
Dodson, Frank P.
Davis, Frank
Everett, L. H.
Eagle, Jas.
Eccles, W. (3) &c.
Edwards, Geo. H.
Fuller, C. W.
Forpaugh, Adam
Fakir of Vishnu
Fowler, T. B.
Franklin, J. C.
Freeman, John H. (2)
Fechter, Charles, &c.
Fish, James
Fray, Charles
Forepaugh, Andrew J.
Fleury, Fernando
Fraser, John F.
Fowler, W. W.
Gibbons, Phil.
Garnella Brothers
Gibbons, Ned
Ginger, Lew (2)
Garlon, Jas. W.
Gardille, Sig.
Gray, Billy
Gasson, James
Grayson, Karl
Hoey, Sidney (2)
Hubbard, Addie
Herring, Fannie
Holmes, Lucy A.
Howard, Jennie
Howard, Lee (2)
Hayward, Wm.
Wright, Mrs. F.
Hamilton & Madge (2)
Hayden, W. F.
Hart, Tom
Hanley, Fred. T. S.
Hawley, D. E.
Hurst, John
Hamilton, Tom
Hall, Mrs.
Holbrook, Dave
Haight, Sarah
Irwin, Bobbie
Irish, Rose A.
Joel, J. J.
Jefferson, Joseph
Jenkins, John J.
Johnson, Sammy
Jordan, M. J.
Johnson & Powers
Jakeway, Joseph
Kent, Frank
Kirsly, Imre (3) &c.
Kiehl, Jacob
Keeler, S. T.
Korpin, Col.
Levy, Cy.
Leigh, W. H.
Lent, L. B. (2)
Leonard, Wells
Lantier, W. H. (2)
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La Clair, James
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Leopold, Geo. (3)
Leon, Herbert
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Lushie, Ben
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McKee, Andy
Miles, Paddy
Mansfield, Helen J.
Moore, Ciara
McClellan, Jennie
Murrillo, Fannie
Mamilla, Zella
O'Neil, Kathleen
Proch, Mrs. J. A.
Pike, Dollie

Goss, Ned
Gibson, A. B.
Griffin, C. L.
Grover, J. Holmes
Harrison, Wm.
Hoto, Hy.
Hogan, John
Haight, John
Hall, Frank
Hamilton, Wm.
Hall, Wm. F. Y.
Hunt, Sidney
Orton, Miss
Pell, Charles
Payson, W. F.
Pelt, Eddie L.
Pullman Brothers (2)
Phillips, Gus
Pastel Family
Parker, Ned
Pudens, Chas. J.
Roberts, F. D.
Rogers, Bob
Rhinehart, Geo.
Ringe, — (Candy Butcher)
Rand, James D.
Reynolds, Geo.
Richards, A. E. (2)
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Rayhold, George
Reynolds Brothers
Ricardo, Mr.
Robbins, Alic
Robinson, Frank (2)
Read, Chas.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Scanlon, Wm. E.
Siddart, J. H.
Stanley, Frank
Shaw, Mr.
Sharpley, Nelson, &c.
Sawyer, John H.
Sanford, Col. James P.
Sullivan, Wm.
Sexton, M. C.
Springer, Andy
Sartori, Albert
Stanhope, F. (3)
Stetson, F. C.
Schwarz, John
Shay, Johnson
Schoolcraft, Lake
Showles, Jacob (3)
Stanion, Bobbie
Schultz, — (Candy Butcher)
Springer, A. J.
Skaiglet, G. J.
Sharpley, Jr., Sol
Sherman, Wm.
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Stuart, Ed.
Smith, Harry
Sherry, J. F. (3)
Saynor, Harry (2)
Sankey, Newton W. (2) &c.
Toomey, W. F.
Templeton, John (2)
Thompson, W. J. (3)
Thompson, Mr. & Mrs. Chas.
Vernon, Kate
Whitland, Kitty (2)
Walker, Matilda, &c.
Woodruff, Mary
Wood, Annie, &c.
Wasson Sisters
West, Eva E.
Weatherby, Elma
Segrina, Nellie

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 27th, '73.

The gory drama as presented on the mimic stage has lost its attractions since murder, in all its horror, and with all its realistic effects, may be witnessed as a free exhibition in our streets and in places of public resort. Murderers, in the olden time, requested of the public a suspension of opinion; but now the public ask a suspension of murderers. And the request is not without reason, unpalatable as it may be to the principal actors in the bloody spectacles with which we have been nauseated. It has come to be a "neck and neck" race between vice and virtue, and if "atrocious judges" are not permitted to interpose in behalf of the former, we see nothing in the way of the triumph of the people over examination and brutality. Sheriff Brennan is likely to have his hands full for a time, and he may go out of office as the champion trap-azeist.....Of other amusements we give, elsewhere in this issue, our usual complete report; but to oblige "Our Jim" we have permitted him to go the grand rounds and jot down a few notes in his queer, quaint and impartial manner, for the boy has the happy knack of telling the truth in his own peculiar way, and speaking of things as he finds them. Appended will be found the lad's impressions:—

A SINNOPSIS OF SHO NUSE.

BI "OUR JIM."

Wen enny of the uther korps git "indisposed," as ya wil understand, ime always prkst out to go on as yuility: hosta, owin to the febil and egshorsted condishin of him boom gits up this interducktery. I fele meself corid on to suppil the wackyume, as it were. Disgised as a man of menes, i fin the trax fore dase and nites of larst week to se how things was moovin in the drammatix tempies and other sho shops. Authe I was wel supplide with the terms of admishin, i sort of insisted on the attenshin of the press; but it wasdnt of no awale, for in each case I was took for a reporter for the fre and independint daily press, and ignomi nesly yankt out without no uther warnin, wich is a thing i disgust. Wen these here hirelings sene me pul out me puss, and bi a resurvd sete, tha frit chepe enuf, I hav no dout, for tha look sad and dejecktid, and even tha accepted the pasebord, tha turned their backs as if in hide thare emoshin.....I fust emurgd into the Grand Opra Hous to se the "Catrack of the Ganjees," wich is a pglar emoshinil pis, with rele hors and pare hidrint warter, hoom spekes wel for the stabil keper and croton department, as yure own sents must touch ya. This Catrack House isaint equl to the wun at Niagrer, nuther is the fawls as nateril or as nateshis as the Niagrer warter wurx; but the hors dun wel, and clum up the rorin stepes much better than enny hors ever assendid the rox at Niag. I thort tha was goin tu strap Jen Brome or Misses Wood on tu the wild and savege stede, "in such base yuses hav tha cum at last," but I was saved this sorrer, as anuther dummy was giude on, and the untamed stede, hoom ya wasnt intaned enuf, went up the dreadful run a kitin. It was a grand site, and made me sik at the stummik. This hous is tu big for its patterns, or its patterns is tu littel for the hous, ime onsertin wich; but so far it haint pade its wa, and ime afrade it never wil til its turned into a consurt hawl, with putty wayter gurls.....I next wended me wa to Edward Booth's, another big korpil; here I was taken shortterd bi the limbix ide dorekeper, hoom lured me out on tu the curb stone like I wus a fiki it-speckeritater; but me filthy ole luker made that skurreriess stule-pidgin wipe his wepin ise as I pade for a tikk t, proudly warltsed in, and smole upon his gatinus karkis like he wus a edukated muel. Ed has a big theater, and the elite fil up the down stares seats wherever Boother puts on his socks and buk-kins; utherwise, the house is a failure. There is much ded wood in this tempil, least-wise, there is more stix in the troop than is fare tu se in a fust clas tempil of the muses. Wen Edward seeses tu act i wood advise a surkis, or a more xtensity meanajery. I think the blanks maniger cood lop off another program or tu, and ad that tu such more tu the reaktes; this is a savin clors that fu men understand like Edward's ekonomist.....Nex I purseded in se Danyil in the Bryant's den. This is a nu and novvil consete, and never fales to ignite me tu laf. Danny, man, is adooin well; and I must as, without prejuce, tha' his trasurer, Mister Simpson, exquire, hoom side with pane wen i corshasly handle in me manner, and i sensi hurt that i shud. I tho the boys so mersernary, is a man boom we nair shil luk upon enny man like him agin. I found the cosy place sitive with pepil enjoyn the fun, and tho sum of the jokes wus stale as nu as wen i frust hurd em, yit I never refused to jine in the merry laf nor to sit sad and sorrerful wen the planetiv and tutchin ballids was sung, as wus me dooty. There wus sum tgrint cuss longside me hoom I mistook for a troop wasshin rele niggurs, but ony panetid, as it'l diddent no it. Sum pepil isint fit to set in the park wet, thare so devilish forit-an-zin'.....With pleasint emoshins I trode mi wa tu the Yuneyin Square Theatre, ware, I blesye, Sherridan Shook put his foot in it. Missis Anges Etahl's nu close took well here for a wile, but as she wussaint abil to keep up with the ever-changin fashin plate of the crood drop it on tu her, and Sheridan shook [old gag.—Ed.] his revenseable hed in dispare as he pased his bank wit hawl deserted. I hav no dout he found colleckin reverns a more chereful trade than runnin a spout-shop, as us boys used tu as in our innersent and happy hours of childhood. Ime afrade Shooky will hav tu close up for repares afore meny munths du surkil round the wel of time.....Along tu Barnum's wen I dropt in, hortinsely beat my wa; but alars! ony a waste of land and old iron cood be sene, all swallerd up bi the feend of fire. I aprochod a solitetary spektator, hoos gase semed fixed as if he was mornin at the grave of his own wun. "Frend," i sed, in a woise of paneful emoshin, "dus thi luv li moldrin here, or was the korps recovered?" Yu never sene a man so tuk under the wus. Taken more compleately bi surpise than if I had bin a committee tu ask wat him to name a nite wen we mite present him with a silver gobiet. "Wi you dam fool," sed he, "what du I no about korpses? I'm a junk-shop and waltz' ta bi this old iron!" Then I turned from him and left him there in his dreamriahs.....Te Wallik's I pranced. Yu no the lenth of space from the dorekeper to the front sircles, don't yu? I passed this distinc in wun second from the time I fild' tem boom I am, with such disgustab cind they wus al closses. I cood not have bene wus treted if I had bin a crookid motherfur, for more torn it konstin interest, for the hole schoodl of 'em, dorekeper, watchers and ushereni, went thru me like it was a fire hrush over at Jim Collier's. It was a pleasint site to wa these onschasht chaps as I strode in the tirkit hole and sez in a loud, muskil voise, ful of skornful distane, "Wus orkister, haf wa down?" There wasint so abrupt adoos sed then! Oh, no! The canine sho expanded as I sailed past 'em in tru gratesos. Sam is here: L'oncle Sam, as the Frensh without no master sez. Trade is poorly, but nites he made poorter bi consistin Sam with Bobo and mite be made poorter bi consistin Sam with Bobo and Bill. Wel Bunting and them, hoom is dr rin like hel. Manager Wallik, apparently merged into the sore and yaller leafs, is dancin' round, but, alars! hoom the gods luv di yung.....Portsylvin meself with a bote of clam supe, I entord the expanisk doros of the nu Niblose, ware the lavly forms of delitate gurls ma be sene in thare nateriell state. In the port hole stood Jacob Zimmerain, exquire, like a hero of old. I ganed his admirashin thru his dividog, hoom I snatcht from the brootil grasp of a ornery theef, levin the darty dervil a welterin in his gore. This indelebly grabid treasure, seein' me git out me pokkit book, sez:—"Hiss, if yu insult me that wa again, never more be frend of mine"—ther ze. Of corse I heddint no reson to ever thorte agin the owner of so nice a dog as ever yowled. The glowin sense that cost me no wen the kurtin went up will never be forgot wile memmery holds har sete. Ours fisted before me in every stile of endress yunyform, and as the skwurmd thru wun another, I thort the wood never be abil to git tpare con legs agin, but tha gut out of it as slick as clox. The pannerramme is wel worth it; I gased with delite on the bloddy bestib and spektated the panto, hoom I was a boss and the panster long years ants fust we met. The site of sojers skutin Wimmin and children in thare trax from me yung blud with horror, and I must a givin went in my feilins, for a fat ole party in a velvet poternaze punsht me in the bax with her umbrul, and cride out, "Yu yung supked yu, kaut yer kops stil! Hoo the underwurld kochin with yu a-jumpin and a-mowin in like yu had beast Wenus dance!" "Hoo air yu a punshin, yu bilod ole parrit?" sez I, fur I was sagry. "Yu cori me a parrit, yu ornery littil devvil? Take that," sez she, and bang cum her big dore kee cater me hed. That was the stror with broke the cammil's bak. "Dam yu, yu old heifer," sez I, "now git," and I gir her a sleghtam-mer rite dusk in hur old parrit face, and she kaired over like a sick pig, and she diddent trubbil me agin. She was carted out on a shutter, and that shut her up. In the confushin I groped mi wa out, and the sho went on as if nuthin was rong. Bibblose gives a good sho, and wen Leo and Lotos is no moor, yu will regret not seein it agin.....

"The Alhambra" entranced me site, and I went fur it. This is ware the Olimpick holds forth. And the this is a nu and variety sho, ladese in not debard from attendin, as yu mite spose. The Laurels, nex of kin to Anny Laurse, is here; tha du a fantom flie fast rate, and urs thare sais, wich is alwase pade wen the goast warks. This sho is parshilly run bi Henderson, hoos connexshin with Liddy Tompson and her trupe is prowurbil. I hav no idee this forsaurn kin kompete with Joshua Hart's, Exquire's, Comick Theater, and yet thare is an thing wich wosin' in the Alhamber sho—legs, and naked ones, and sen bon points, as we sa in the greks langwidg, hoom alwase has attrackshins fur sum pepil. But kood sot qui mal y pense, as is mi motto.....The Theater Comeek is nete but not gordy; munny isn't no objick with Joshua Hart, as i was convinst wen i was reseved with opin arms, wich goe to she the Comic's kindness of Hart. (A pleasint littil pun.—Ed.) This place is a purfect jam every nite, and on this nite I hav refrins of it wus a Jim jam. [Mosar pleasintry.—Ed.] Jenny Hase, hoos huse is carnashin and lily, smole upon me as i entord, and I wood hav chukt a bokwet at her but fur the dentsness of the crowd. J. Hart is urain munny like he was wurkin the dimin feeder of Africk's forests of canada.....With a hart ful of luv I meandord forth to Daly's an pise up Broodwa. If Gus cood dovetail his upper sarkin inter the down stares, if woodint be so lonesum up there, but the sleet purfur the orkister, and giv the gairy the go bi. Gustiver wil not, ime afrade, make a go of the resurrecktid old Globe, fur the sent of the roses wil hang round it stil. The troop lookt as nacherli and lib-like as wen I sene 'em at the late lamented "Ith Avnu," and tha wurkt like hired men to plese. Clarrer Morris, hoom an me wen I was a boyhud, gusht as she sepe me wet-nose fechers. Fanny Davenport, by hoos father ive ort in bin drivvin from home for tryin to git inter his theeater on piade out cheks, cast a fartly glanst at me dol ar brest-pin, wich shode in the gas lite ori its prismatik buty and glistness, and I lookt like a strin of ole Mister Day. Exquire, must hepe his skin is a habitable up here, wich is in his propper fart.....From grave to ga, from livair to serene, is but a hare's breth. Robert Butler greted me in his Athenseum like I wus the fust shad of the sesin, and repulsed mi munny like it was the baseless fabrikashin of sum lo born minyun. I liked this in the man, becos it shoe a resistable and redeemin nacher. Robert is a ol ad times reg, and the Amerikin shook him, it was not "on the Square." (Nice bit of irony conseied here.—Ed.).....ime gittin tired of ritin this stuf. I wish pepil wood attend to thare own affares. But soz somica, or soz popoti, ime not surtin wich, as the Lattin frase has it, let us on tu our exseisez. Did yu ever put in a nite at Tony Paster's? Bully, isn't it? Like a renervated sentury plant i entord the portlis of his domaine in the Bowery. Here is Satterdy nite, and the hous was just as ful as a man boom drinx betweee drinx on an yere's da; and such enthoosiasm—dere, dere! I felt rite at home amung these frends of me jooth, and i side fur the dase boom hed done. Everybody was glad tu se me; Jim Smith, a pard of mine wen i sold kiams and porgees, stung out his penuts like he prode 'em; and old Stag Smith made me line him in the dowin hole orly and orin; I was lurted like a milyinair, and nuthin wusint in good fur me. The boys semed home-made like, and hated tu leve wen the sho was out. And wen Tone sung yu coodint a heerd a pin drop in that wast assembldig; the jined in the korus jist as if tha was a "imprints bleasin' or pasistin' at Brudher Allen's chappil protrscktid motin. Was! Can't sing? Them boys! Go to; thou art a wikkid retch and a depraved collumnyster. I never hurd such nobil voices sints Marrerseack's last korus made the welkin ring in the 14th strete shop. Awl hale, Tony, pride of the piroot's hart.....Awa up tu see the Prauke boys I spe I, or spoke, like a seer. Its a nise littile hart, and the minstrels chime in rite well with thare ten-found-land audiences. [Look sharp.—Ed.] Wilyim Burch is just as jolly as a sailor after 3 yeres adoos the mast, and hese jist as libril, eits wi did he as, "No, Jim; no munny from yu tu se the Fresco sho;" and he sot me down in the most cheerful seat in the pit; and wen i dropt in it it was more cheer-ful than ever. [Chair full—well-filled—and comfortably occupied.—Ed.] And wi not fun in the seat of Comis, Wilyim Burch and Chawles Backis du make! And David, the swete singer, is real tutchin in his sollim songs, and makes me wepe, albeest ime not yused to the meltin mude. The Frescos sin't looking nutbate, and feds wel, wich is a encurtisin sine.....Tired tu death I went into the Wood's for rest, [Woods.—Correct.—Ed.] and feerned becos I co found it i fast, and the gora brather Watts his name once rit in his book of hims. Wonder wi he never rit a book of hers? [This is a panetul effort at wit, ending in failure.—Ed.] Littil Mary Etta Ravvel is here; and shease ori me fancy panetid her. I wonse tride to wark her rope after she dun it so wel; but hevver agane, no nerver more any rope warkin' for me. I fel like Sheriff Brennan had just tucked me off, and wen I cum in, I spekes after, I was a nik in-mate of a horsepittil, a ragin' lusserik, and i hain't got over it yit. But tu reasoon. Jerge Wood kepes a sho that pleses ori and offends nun; he has beasts fur them hoom is beastly inklined; he has morril drammors for the morri; and a littil of ori sorts for ori sorts of pepil. He jerkt me out without warnin' when i sed i was a deddlitar, and then sot a dorg at me. I was identyfide bi wun of his own ded heds, and that let me in. Ime glad this thing is dun, and i hope it wil find yu the same.

City Summary.

JOHN H. MUSCH, one of the managers of the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., was at the Sinclair House last week.

CHARLES B. GRIFFIN, the well-known business-agent, is in this city and disengaged.

SAM S. SANFORD, also Courtright and Gilbert, constituted the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's during the past week. Mr. Sanford, the veteran Ethiopian comedian, acted the character of Uncle Eph, an aged negro, in the sketch entitled "The Wandering Refugee," and later in the evening Uncle Antony in a sketch of that name. He excels in delineating the peculiarities of the old plantation negro, his impersonations being ever realistic and artistic. Courtright and Gilbert performed their well-known specialty "The Big and Little of It," which was enthusiastically received, and they were compelled to respond to several encores. The Vilsoni brothers performed some excellent acrobatic feats and later in the evening gave a fine *trapeze* performance. Miss Annie Braddon and Belle Ilerd continued their serio-comic songs. Conchita Ronzati danced a Scotch Strathespy. Tony Pastor sang some fresh songs and was several times recalled. Johnny Williams did some excellent dancing, and Mile Allen Hennett created quite a sensation by her singing in the closing sketch. Business has been excellent

MISS LEONA DARE, *trapeze* performer, has been the only fresh appearance at the Athenæum since our previous report. Since she was last seen in this city she has wonderfully improved, and her performances may now be ranked among the best. Her evolutions are daring, graceful, and she evince much practice and skill. Her flying leap from the gallery to a *trapeze* suspended from the proscenium was neatly accomplished, and after performing there a number of difficult feats, she suspended herself head downwards, and, placing around her neck a band to the lower part of which a small *trapeze* was attached, remained in that position until a gentleman who assisted her in her performances, and whose name was not announced, performed a like flying leap and alighted upon the small suspended *trapeze*. Another gentleman then stepped forward and added his weight to that of the gentleman upon the smaller *trapeze*, and Miss Dare held them both suspended in the air, the strain of their weight bearing entirely upon her neck. This exhibition of unlooked-for strength created great enthusiasm, and her performances, which had been frequently interrupted by applause, at their termination evoked loud and long-continued signals of approbation. Miss Carrie Lavarnie continued her serio-comic songs, Sheridan and Mack their specialties, also appearing in the sketch of "Bad Whiskey;" Wambold's songs, with witty remarks and banjo obbligato, were received with favor, as was Miss Lizzie Stemple's excellent and difficult skipping-rope dance. The Misses Ida and Emma Rose performed a double tamborine dance, and the closing sketch of "Pat O'Hoolahan" introduced Joe Lang, J. H. Campbell, E. W. Prescott, George H. Cook, Lulu Schoolcraft, W. Myers and Miss Hattie Allison. During the sketch Lang and Campbell danced a lively Irish jig. Under Mr. Butler's management an increase in the attendance has been noticed. To commence this evening, Jan. 27th, the Worrell sisters—Sophie and Irene—Miss Annie Adams, serio-comic, and the Reynolds brothers, character performers, are announced.

MISS MARION MONTAGUE left the city on Sunday evening last for San Francisco, Cal., to fulfil a two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, commencing Feb. 3d. She will fulfill a number of engagements on her way home.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "Leo and Lotos" has continued to attract good-sized audiences since our last report, and to-night, Jan. 27th, some attractive novelties are to be put on in the variety scene, including an entirely new illusion by Prof. Tobin, late of the Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, Eng., entitled "Frankenstein; or, The Headless Spectre;" the Siegrist family of athletes and a troupe of European trained dogs will make their first appearance in America. No theatregoer should fail to see the beautiful spectacle of "Leo and Lotos."

DAVE REED, the originator of song and dance man, is to have a benefit at Bryant's Minstrels on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 30th, when the following performers have volunteered to appear in addition to the regular company:—Sheridan and Mack, Master Barney, John Wild, McKee and Rogers. There should be a large attendance, as, although Mr. Reed has performed in this city during many years, this will be his first appeal to the public.

H. D. DAVIES, the excellent ventriloquist performing at Niblo's Garden, was presented on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21st, with an elegant volume bound in green and gold, entitled "The Picture Gallery of the Nations." Upon the fly-leaf was written the following:—

"To PROFESSOR H. D. DAVIES, at Niblo's Garden Theatre.—*In Mind the Year Round.*—The volume, with 300 illustrations, suggestive of his own variety, is presented as a tribute to his great natural gift, its cultivation, his wit and humor, and his public announcement by GEORGE and CHARLES JOLLYMAN, of the New York Supreme Court."

DALY'S NEW "FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE," at numbers 728 and 730 Broadway, was formally opened to the public on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21st, just twenty days after the destruction of the little theatre bearing the same name in Twenty-fourth street, where Augustin Daly first achieved renown as a theatrical manager. The labor of reconstructing the present theatre, the history of which we published in our past issue, was commenced on the morning of Jan. 4th, and completed on Jan. 20th, occupying fourteen working-days. The front of the theatre has been repainted, and the prismatic signs which adorned the front of the burned theatre and the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Broadway now occupy a conspicuous position in front of the theatre. The vestibule is gained from the street through three large arched doorways, and a corresponding number of doors covered with red cloth lead into the auditorium; on the extreme right and left are broad stairways leading to the upper tiers. The floor is covered with low ocoa matting, and on either side of the centre entrance to the auditorium is a neatly fitted up ticket office. Entering the auditorium through the centre doors we first encounter a row of Parisian benches, ten in number; the entire floor is covered with a rich and elegant carpet and iron folding-chairs of a commodious pattern. Along the side walls are capacious settees, and the windows have luxuriettes of a drab color and lace curtains. In the centre is thrown the private box, a few feet from the stage. The dress circle, above this, has not been altered, but thoroughly cleansed and renovated; and the same may be said of the gallery, save that the front has been decorated with flowers in several places. A brilliant sunlight in the dome, aided by a few bracket lights on the walls, illuminates the interior. Turning towards the stage, we beheld on either side two proscenium boxes hung with crimson curtains, richly trimmed with gold lace and fringe, and containing luxurious arm-chairs. Some gilded iron work of an ornate pattern has been added to the fronts and sides of the boxes. Wire gauze, painted white, and surmounted by a railing covered with crimson plush, separates the musicians from the audience. The proscenium arch, which has been carried up to the ceiling, is chastely gilded, and bears upon its keystone a circular head, and underneath upon a scroll is inscribed the words from Virgil, "*How often cassandrian fumbid*," which is a part of the line reading:—"*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse fumbid*," which may be interpreted, "Perhaps it may one day be a pleasure to remember these sufferings." The entire interior has been cleansed, and either repainted or decorated. Although it is by no means as symmetrical in shape as our last theatre, still it is comfortable, and Mr. Daly deserves much credit not only for the energy he displayed in so quickly obtaining a place for the continuance of his season, but for the marked improvement he has made in the theatre. The stage has been entirely rebuilt, and the scenery and furnitures are entirely new. The curtain hitherto in use, of a brown cloth drawn in two sections, has been retained, and there is no set-drop. The style of setting the scenes which was in vogue at the late Fifth Avenue Theatre has been retained here, and in consequence the stage department alone recalls vivid recollection of the old house. On the opening night, notwithstanding that a severe storm was prevailing, the auditorium was filled in every part, and large numbers were turned from the doors in order to obtain admittance. Shortly after eight o'clock the curtain being raised, the entire company, in full evening dress, were discovered standing upon the stage, which was set with a new scene, which had been painted expressly for the occasion by James E. Hayes. The following address written by John Brougham was then delivered in a natural and colloquial style:—

MR. DAVIDGE.

Thanks, generous patrons, for that welcome cheer;
It shows us we have little cause for fear,
As our suspended play we here renew,
Our change of base will bring a change in you.
MISS GILBERT.
"Success to conquer" is our motto now—
A kind of paradox, I must allow,
For though your high esteem was won us-town,
Success to conquer" is our motto now—
A kind of paradox, I must allow,
For though your high esteem was won us-town,
We've yet to win it here, neighbor down.
MR. HINGOLD.
Ill fortune is the truest test of friends,
And if our ill your generous nature mends
Most amply, it will prove a boon to us,
As far as in our power lies, we here.
MISS MORTIMER.
Not literally, indeed, poor gracious knows
It's quite enough if we do burn one's clothes.
MISS JEWETT.
I think we too; that lovely *gown de suite*—
The pattern in silk I covet most of her;
That Paris bonnet and *manteau de Chez*;
MISS CARY.
My beautiful *marguise* trimmed with guipure,
And robe that cost a thousand francs;
MISS ST. CLAIR.
And my incomparable *entre antique*,
Point lace handkerchiefs, and point lace laces—
A thing of joy—
MISS CLAXTON.
The masterpiece of Worth!
MISS WALLICK.
I cannot now—so much I feel bereft—
Remember half the articles I left.
MR. JAMES.
The public will pay for you, don't fear.
MISS MORRIS.
Which one?
MR. JAMES.
"Article 47," my dear.
MR. ROCKWELL.
They won't forget that easily, I bet.
MISS FAWCETT.
"Oh, no, no! I'm not so mad as that!"
MISS MORANT.
Oh, well, it's useless now regrets to serve;
If you can't help us, you can't help us worse;
And the burnt sacrifice is not in vain
That such abundant sympathy can gain;
And for the rest, my dears, I rather guess
That sumptuary laws will restore your fortunes.
MISS DIETZ.
How many gobs in the dramatic system
Have passed away, and how few have missed 'em?
The "Globe" that once revolved about the space
Next to the world of Fashion now give place—
That world which, like Atlas, bears it on its back,
And yet so constant to this constellation.
MR. LEWIS.
Goes in the little stage we loved so well,
And now I must bid you adieu to-night
"The spot where the sawdust is bright."
WHITING.
"Sadly" no longer, I assure you my lot,
Although I found that "Road to Rain" hot.
LENOTTE.
The way I bolted from it was a sin—
"It wasn't beating me," I "thrown it in."
MR. CRISP.
And now, determined from our minds to cast
All gloomy recollections from the past,
Here in our house; no effort would be found
Than this.
MR. GRIFFITHS.
For it rests on this very ground
Our author-manager's career begun;
Where "Under the Gaslight" his first venture shone,
It was the "Broadway" then: the alteration
Is small and needed no great invention;
Once, when old Judkins, of the Cunard line,
Felt premature necessity to dine,
His evening speeches he'd an hour.
At sea those orations have peculiar power;
Hailing the watch in his convenient way,
"Ho, there!" "What lacks it of four bells?" said he.
"Two twenty minutes to the dinner hour."
The man replied; when said the Commodore:
"The sun! Can't wait for him, sir; make it four!"
"Aye, aye, sir; four it is!" the watch obeying,
Calling the hour, as he'd a mind.
Mr. CLARKE.
To call things as he pleased, too, he claims:
For though the world is known by various names,
In nation of custom or locality,
"Ho! make it the Fifth Avenue," said he.
"Aye, aye, sir," said the printer. Lucky words,
Fifth Avenue, is the motto on the boards.
MR. FISHER.
The change one problem proves, beyond a doubt,
That Broadway can be thoroughly cleaned out;
Without "ugly brigands" hands to mate it clear,
Or milder suasion of the atmosphere.
MISS DAVENPORT.
Here may we hope to pleasantly renew
Our late acquaintance broken off with you.
Our purpose is to win your hand and heart;
For this we'll practise every kind of art;
So that like "Fate and Fun" we may remain,
And never come "Divorce" twixt us again!

As the performers advanced to speak the lines assigned them they were severally vociferously applauded, and at the conclusion of the address Mr. Daly, being loudly called for, at last somewhat reluctantly came to the front and made the following pleasant little speech:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am not going to weary you with speech. I assure you I feel deeply the favor you have shown me throughout my career of successes, and the

24th, with their specialty, "Richard III.," which, notwithstanding the heavy snowstorm, drew a large audience. The Buffalo Daily Courier of January 23d, in noticing their recent performances at the county town of Mayville, N. Y., says:—

"The Townsend family and troupe appeared before good-sized and appreciative audiences on four evenings during last week. They have been the first attraction we have had in London." The character of Gilbert Featherstone, owner of the Hookmoor mine, was ably borne by Mr. Harry Townsend, while Mr. Burnet Townsend acquitted himself with great credit in the role of Job Armroyd, the miner-lover. Mrs. Harry Townsend, as Nellie Armroyd, at once secured the approval of the audience, while Miss Constance Townsend gained much credit for herself in the character of Tilly Pratchett, the factory-girl's embodiment closed with "The Young Tragedy," which brought down the house with roars of laughter. Hamblin's play of 'Fra-ra' was presented the second evening. Mr. John Townsend received rounds of applause in his portrayal of the character of Rollo, the Peruvian leader. The role of Alonzo was played by Mr. Harry Townsend, while the versatile brother Burnet assumed the character of Pizarro. Mrs. Harry Townsend as Cora, and Miss Constance as Elvira, were frequently the recipients of marked favor from the audience. 'The Orphan of Geneva' was presented the third night, in which we play Mr. John Townsend's part of Hamilton, a character noted in his role of Carwin, the villainous adversary. Miss Constance Townsend won the admiration of the entire assembly by the unexpectable manner in which she sustained the character of the Orphan. On the fourth and last evening, which was the best of the season, was given Shakespeare's 'King Richard III.' The title role was played by Mr. John Townsend, who was loudly cheered by the audience. His rendition of these forth in this piece more clearly than in any of the previous plays. The Queen Elizabeth of Miss Constance Townsend was a superior piece of acting. 'The Two Barristers' and 'Black Eyed Susan' Harold Townsend kept the audience in an almost continuous roar."

ENGAGEMENTS AT "THE ATHENÆUM OF AMERICA" are reported by our correspondent, under date of Jan. 26th, as appended:—

"The Corsican Brothers" was produced at the Globe Theatre on Jan. 20th; but it has not met with success. It was mounted with new and beautiful scenery and provided with a most excellent cast. The snow scene on the Alps was peculiarly beautiful and effective, while the ballet of the Seasons, Glenroy, Glasford and Heister, Mr. Florence, martin Chesterfield. The piece ran to Friday night, inclusive, and was then withdrawn, "Eileen Oge" being produced at the same time. Saturday night, reported in the evening for Mr. Florence's benefit. The latter is announced for a portion of the coming week—which is Mr. Florence's last—and the new piece, 'Cousin Jack,' will probably be played. It being in rehearsal. On Feb. 3d Agnes Hilliard will appear at the Museum, having played 'False Beams' and 'Honey Bees' up to Wednesday night, the houses continuing quite good. On Thursday 'Babes in the Woods' and 'My Neighbor's Wife' drew a large house, and the same bill was repeated at the Saturday matinee. On Friday the treasurer, Geo. W. Blatchford, had a benefit, offering 'Home' and 'Done for the Best.' Last night 'The Lady of Lyons' was given, with Charles Barron as Claude Melnotte, Charles and Miss Morton as Pauline, Rachel the Reaper,' will be produced, and the localised burlesque 'Te Gentis Savage' will close with performances on one of the burnt district as well as of the Globe being introduced. The Boston Theatre gave 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' on Tuesday by the stock company. On Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening Stuart Robson appeared, repeating his last week's benefit bill, viz., 'The Wandering Jew,' etc. On Friday night 'Last Leaf' and 'The Spitfire.' Harry Bloodgood had a benefit, at which James Gaynor, Adelaide Leonard, Lulu Riddell, Warren and Morton, Belle Celeste, C. C. Mathews, Lizzie Webster, Johnny Morrison, Dutch songs and sketches, and with Charley Walters in double acts; Johnny Manning, Irish sketches; Harry Bloodgood, Ethiopian specialties; James Gaynor, banjoist; and a mirror of the Boston fire, consisting of thirty tableaux, is also exhibited. George Arth is the leader of the orchestra.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN is engaged to manage the stage of the Metropolitan Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., and write sketches, commencing Jan. 27th.

AT MORTIMER'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, Mlle. De Granville and the O'Donohue were the new features for the past week. Mlle. De Granville performs wonderful feats of strength and a surprising act of contortionism. The O'Donohue met with a favorable reception in his Irish specialties. The Carr Sisters, Harry Kernell, James Sheeran, Billy Barry, Miss Pauline Fordham and Charley Reynolds terminated their engagement on Jan. 25th. On the 27th of January, Edwin Blanchard, John and Maggie Fielding, Harry Hurdic, Goss and Fox, and Master Cawthorn commence, and the price of admission will be reduced to twenty-five and fifteen cents. Business was good during the week, the largest audience of the season so far being that at the *matinée* on the 23d of January.

AT THE STAR CONCERT HALL, Philadelphia, John H. Clark's clog and jig dancing has been the leading feature.

FRANK GIBBONS, the antipodean gymnast, was in Philadelphia last week. He will shortly commence an engagement at Col. Wood's Museum, in that city.

MISS ANNIE ADAMS, having terminated a successful engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, opens at the Athenæum, New York city, on the 27th of January, under the management of Mr. Robert Butler, who first engaged her in London for this country.

THE ARTISTS engaged for the opening of the Theatre Comique, Newark, N. J., are requested, through a card elsewhere, to assemble for rehearsal on Mon. 31st.

WOOD & CO. advertise for performers having specialties, for the Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

AT ENOCH'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new appearances last week were Peasely and Hughes, song and dance men; James W. Ward, serial king, and Misses Lotta Barony and Mollie Wilson, serio-comics. The former is a petite little lady, and in a pony act of really rich and beautiful wardrobe. Paul Dietfenbach, stage manager, and Lou. Cambios, business manager, have severed their connection with the establishment. On the evening of Jan. 23d C. A. Gardner took a benefit (and closed on the 25th to open at Fox's on the 27th). On this occasion several performers announced their services, among them Harry Weeks, who took the part of Michael Earle in "The Ma iac Lover." During the scene in which Earle flourishes his dagger, Paul Berger received a cut in the pit of the stomach at the hands of Weeks, about an inch in length and penetrating to a considerable depth. He was removed to his residence and is under the care of physicians. The stabbing was quite accidental.

GUS CLARK, NED STRINGER and others, of Troy, N. Y., are busily engaged organizing a troupe to travel under canvas next spring, starting from Memphis, Tenn., in April, having secured Charles O. White's mammoth pavilion, and Harry Wharfe's magnificent steamer. A street parade in John A. Clarke's elegant band chariot will be a feature of the show.

BOHEMIANS OF THE GLOBE, Troy, N. Y., is reported excellent. Quilter and Goldrick, song and dance, also Archie Hughes, comedian, open there Jan. 27th.

CINCINNATI variety hall news up to the 24th is furnished as follows by our correspondent:—"At the Race Street Varieties there have been no new appearances this week. Mlle. Blanco, vocalist, is to open Monday. The old stars, Johnny Vesper, Fred. B. Harris, Geo. Morton, Phil. Gibbons, Nellie Holloway, Kitty Whitland, Fanny Florence and Lizzie Lundry furnish an entertainment tried and good. Sis fair.....At the Olympic, the only new appearance has been Lottie Georgia, a clever little vocalist. The acting of Valentine Love and Nellie Marhall, singing of Alice Rose, and songs and dances of Nellie Georgia are the leading features of the programme. Next week the burlesque of 'Cinderella' is to be produced, with new scenery, etc.....At the Pacific Garden Theatre, the only changes have been the closing of George Penman and John H. Clarke on Wednesday evening. This evening (Friday) has been set apart for a benefit to E. S. Trainer and Willie Ashton, gymnasts. The only new announcements are Brown and Sanford and Mlle Emma for February 3d. Harry Watson and Law Clark have been cultivating the ends this week, with Billy Fish in the middle.....Dave O'Brien and his stock of supporting stars play their great 'morli' drama, 'The Temperance Doctor,' in Louisville, Ky., on Jan. 26th, and have a route ahead, taking in Dayton, Ky., Morrow, O., Lebanon, Franklin, Germantown, Miamisburg and Middletown. The company embraces C. P. Howard, L. W. Looker, H. E. Wilson, F. Rocks, W. Henry, S. Goss, J. G. Boyd, H. Caldwell, Miss Jones and Miss Wilson. Howard and O'Brien have also organized a 'Ladder of Fame Combination,' to give minstrel and theatrical entertainments, and purpose playing Feb. 3d, for the benefit of the Newsboys' Union, in an original drama called 'The Cincinnati Newsboys.'"

AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Lincoln, Neb., the following artists compose the company:—Blanche and Johnny Nichols, Louie Irving, May Dobson, Marie Rozelle, Sig. Donello, Jimmy Carr, Harrison and Edwards, Charlie Lamont, Hank Van Orman, J. D. Lacrone, G. L. Bitner, Ed. Reichert, leader of orchestra, and J. Rose, pianist. Talent is advertised for.

MRS. ANNA REYNOLDS, mother of Jimmy Reynolds, of Reynolds and Rosser, died, after an illness of two weeks, in New York city, on the 11th inst.

QUINCY ROSEBROOK, treasurer of Fred. Alms' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, is now the father of a bully boy, recently donated by his wife, who is getting along finely.

SAMUEL MORTON YOUNG, contortionist, can be engaged until April 1st. Address as per advertisement.

MILES AND EVANS commence at Berry's Opera House, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Jan. 27th. Troop closing on the 22d were Edwin Blanchard, Ella Arnold, and Den and Little Howe.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Galveston, Texas, there have been no new faces since our last report. Miss Ida Morton and Belle Pauline are to close on Jan. 28th.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted for the New Idea Parlor Concert Hall, Columbus, O., which will be opened about Feb. 1st. Address as per card elsewhere.

THE ATTENDANCES at the Front Street Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md., averaged quite satisfactorily the past week, in spite of the inclement weather. Harry G. Richmond, protean and Teutonic vocalist, opened and created a favorable impression. The other fresh arrivals were Laura Alberta, G. W. Harrison and Elsie Warren, who appeared in C. R. Norton's four-act sensational drama of "Out at Sea." Laura Alberta, a bright, winsome child of about eleven years, impersonated Rick in an easy, sparkling and natural manner. She likewise threatened the banjo, and went through some songs and dances quite creditably. Mr. Harrison's assumption of Dandy Jack, and the Indian love song to mention, merits commendation. Mr. Chester's portraiture of the old fisherman, Carry Gaither, was excellent. G. B. Radcliff, D. Oakley, J. Whittaker, the Misses Elsie Warren, Annie Chester and Fanny Archer played their parts well. The mounting was generally good. Laura Alberta and G. W. Harrison closed on the 26th. Kate Fisher, the Rentelle Sisters, Fanny Kaiser and Charles Benedict are underlined.....At the Opera House, business has been fair. Johnny Brassel, Dutch delineator and Ethiopian stump speechifier, opened January 20th, and met with decided approbation. Mr. Frank Howe, the popular and efficient stage manager, was the recipient of a complimentary testimonial on Thursday evening, which proved to be a perfect ovation. Brassel and Leonetti closed on the 26th, and went to Cumberland, Md.....The only new appearances at the Odeon was Miss Mary Roadcap, a song and dance lady of more than ordinary merit, and of attractive personal appearance. Ben Hayes closed on the 26th, and goes to Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mary Roadcap likewise, bound for Alms's, Pittsburgh, Pa. George White and Lettie McKenzie are billed for this week. The attendance has been quite good.

AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, Kansas City, Mo., the freshest faces have been Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, and Johnny Eagan, Irish singer. Guy Linton is a pleasant singer, and his changes are complete and quickly made. Lucy Adams was scarcely able to appear for several evenings, but she has since become such a favorite that her songs are redemanded. Geo. H. McKenzie, who has been stage-manager this season, closed Jan. 20th, and Chas. E. Dobson, banjo-player, assumes control of the stage.....Gulpill and Ronke, Johnny Bartley, Baisley Family, Tom Murray, and others are traveling in Kansas in charge of D. R. Allen.....Archie White was to have left Rochester, N. Y., on the 30th, and Kendall McDonald and Emily Tremont, who have been some time sick, were to have reappeared same date. The bright little Frankie Etta and Willie Pickert are doing a double clog, and Johnny Pierce and Nettie Melrose (in their songs) are good. Miss Macy Roadcap and Miles. Carita and Patty Rosa are underlined.....Carroll's Fourth Street Varieties opened Jan. 18th to a full house. Nella Rose, Maude de Lisle, Julia Drew, Mollie Somers, Emma Labrobe, Johnny Clark, Joe Gulick, Johnny Smith, Maggie Louise, and A. S. Caspar as stage-manager, make up the company. Clark Gibbs was expected. The show is good, Maud de Lisle's singing, and the Johannies—Clark and Smith—being well received. The place has a good send off.

AT CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S, Newark, N. J., the new faces during the past week were Miss Bushnell, vocalist; Prof. Bushnell, juggler and slack wire performer, and Miss Lillie Bertine in quick changes. Miss Bushnell possesses personal beauty, sings well, and has already become a favorite. Prof. Bushnell, in his impalement act and juggling, met with a hearty reception, while his slack-wire performance elicited applause. Miss Lillie Bertine, in her quick changes, was pleasing and her singing good. Dick Magee, song and dance artist and impersonator of female characters, opens here Jan. 27th..... The Theatre Comique is to open here on Feb. 1st.

THE FRESH ARRIVALS at the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, have been Mlle. Fontainebleau, Frank Jones, Harry Bryant, George Thatcher, Lyle Thatcher and Master Ocie, Business fair. Mlle. Fontainebleau's feats in mid-air are creditably executed, and evoke applause. Frank Jones plays a number of musical instruments, and is a comedian of fair merit. Harry Bryant is a ventriloquist of more than ordinary ability, and his performance is one of the most popular features of the programme. George Thatcher is a clever juvenile actor, and his song and Impersonation of "Old Black Joe" is deserving of praise. The serio-comic songs of Lizzie Thatcher are well received and redemanded every night. The lady possesses many of the essentials of a successful vocalist. Master Ocie is an infant wire-walker, and, for one of his age, acquits himself creditably. Carrie Avery, Chas. Adams, Billy De Vere, Reynolds and Romer. Miss Mande Howard, Hagh Haggerty, Miss Mande Le Moyne, Lucy Clifton, George W. Herman and H. W. Williams appear every night, in conjunction with the new people. The Indian drama of "Nick of the Woods" concludes the entertainments, Wm. De Vere impersonating six characters, and Lucy Clifton Telle Doe. The other characters are to be completed hands. Reynolds and Romer open at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, on January 27th, for three weeks, and at Tony Pastor's, New York, on February 17th, for two weeks.

M'LLE LEOPOLD and two Leopold brothers, Billy Pastor, George S. Knight and Sallie Mason were the new appearances at Fred. Alms' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, on Jan. 20th. The Leopolds are fair gymnasts, introducing a number of feats. Billy Pastor's songs meet with warm approval, and the gentleman is repeatedly recalled nightly. The Dutch specialties of George S. Knight are greeted with deserved favor. In his line he is a good comedian. As a vocalist Sallie Mason has made a good impression. Her singing is melodious, manner dashing, and costumes elegant. The Carletons appear in new acts, and their performances evoke approbation. John Mulligan, Charley Benedict, Barlow brothers, Law Spencer, M'lle Henriette, Tilly Prestage, James W. Wesley, Addie Johnson, and Alfred Buckley are the other members of the company, all giving satisfaction in their respective specialties. James Clark and other new people open on Jan. 27th.

THE DETROIT, MICH., THEATRE COMIQUE added Frank Melville, a fine gymnast, to its forces on Jan. 20th. The season closed on the 25th, all of the old company taking their departure, excepting Geo. Wilson, who pleases Detroiters, and that he has been engaged for the next season. Nicolo Norton was up for a benefit Jan. 24th, when a host of volunteers were to assist, amongst them Joe Norton, juggler (first appearance on any stage); H. Davenport, contortionist; G. A. Leming, comic vocalist; the Parento Bros, acrobats; Nellie Haywood, jigist; Hercules Libby, cannon-ball performer, and Miss Kobee, Master Day and Higgins, who promised to appear as clogists for a silver cup. The first performance of the new season will take place at the Opera House on Feb. 3d, and at the Comique afterwards. Nicolo Norton has had another benefit besides the above-mentioned one, having been presented by his wife with a fine boy on the 22d. Both are doing well.

AT MONTMELIEN'S VARIETIES, Cleveland, O., business has been on the increase. On Jan. 20th Mr. J. L. Davis and his trained dogs, and also Mr. Chas. Davis, made their appearance.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, numerous attractions were provided for its patrons, and judging from the amount of applause and laughter, the provision was unequivocal success, as large audiences assembled there last week. The Romelli Family, Harry Hart and Charles Gleason were the new faces. The acrobatic feats of the Romelli Family proved the most attractive of the novelties produced, being distinguished by a certain amount of skill and daring, whilst Harry Hart's songs and dances were favorably received. Charley Gleason gave his banjo solos. Miss Annie Adams' brilliantly effective serio-comic vocalism, and the musical sketch "Upper and Lower Ten," by James Collins and Martha Wren, were agreeably varied by the act of the Majiltons. Mlle. De Rose's solos in the *ballets* of "The Demon of the Night" and "The Peasants of the Rhine" were always applauded. Miss Ella Wren has been fair. Johnny Brassel, Dutch delineator and Ethiopian stump speechifier, opened January 20th, and met with decided approbation. Mr. Frank Howe, the popular and efficient stage manager, was the recipient of a complimentary testimonial on Thursday evening, which proved to be a perfect ovation. Brassel and Leonetti closed on the 26th, and went to Cumberland, Md.....The only new appearances at the Odeon was Miss Macy Roadcap, a song and dance lady of more than ordinary merit, and of attractive personal appearance. Ben Hayes closed on the 26th, and goes to Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mary Roadcap likewise, bound for Alms's, Pittsburgh, Pa. George White and Lettie McKenzie are billed for this week. The attendance has been quite good.

AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, Kansas City, Mo., the freshest faces have been Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, and Johnny Eagan, Irish singer. Guy Linton is a pleasant singer, and his changes are complete and quickly made. Lucy Adams was scarcely able to appear for several evenings, but she has since become such a favorite that her songs are redemanded. Geo. H. McKenzie, who has been stage-manager this season, closed Jan. 20th, and Chas. E. Dobson, banjo-player, assumes control of the stage.....Gulpill and Ronke, Johnny Bartley, Baisley Family, Tom Murray, and others are traveling in Kansas in charge of D. R. Allen.....Archie White was to have left Rochester, N. Y., on the 30th, and Kendall McDonald and Emily Tremont, who have been some time sick, were to have reappeared same date. The bright little Frankie Etta and Willie Pickert are doing a double clog, and Johnny Pierce and Nettie Melrose (in their songs) are good. Miss Macy Roadcap and Miles. Carita and Patty Rosa are underlined.....Carroll's Fourth Street Varieties opened Jan. 18th to a full house. Nella Rose, Maude de Lisle, Julia Drew, Mollie Somers, Emma Labrobe, Johnny Clark, Joe Gulick, Johnny Smith, Maggie Louise, and A. S. Caspar as stage-manager, make up the company. Clark Gibbs was expected. The show is good, Maud de Lisle's singing, and the Johannies—Clark and Smith—being well received. The place has a good send off.

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Negro Minstrelsy.

DEATH OF AN OLD-TIME MINSTREL.—Gilbert Ward Pell, the veteran bone-player and Ethiopian comedian, died on Dec. 21st and was buried on the 24th in the Cemetery St. Helena's, Lancashire, Eng., at the age of 67. He was a native of New York city, and, under the name of Pelham, formed one of the famous sable band who under the title of "Ethiopian Serenaders" achieved so great a success at the St. James Theatre, London, Eng., in 1846. His associates were Frank Germon, M. Sharwood, G. Harrington and W. White. So great was the demand to see this troupe while there that they gave morning performances, and were frequently solicited to give their entertainments at the mansions of the nobility. They were also called to Arundel Castle by special command of Queen Victoria, and for their performance each received a splendid gold ring. They then returned to this city and performed with great success at Palmo's Opera House, subsequently making a second voyage to England, Jerry Bryant and J. A. Wells having been added to the company. For a number of years the deceased has resided in that country.

FRANK MORAN'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, attracted large audiences during the week ending Jan. 25th. "Lucretia Borgia" was revived January 20th. J. J. Kelly left Jan. 21st, his place being filled by S. Holdsworth, the possessor of a pleasing tenor voice.

MESSRS. RUDOLPH AND BARNEY have left Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, who are now traveling, and were in Philadelphia last week. J. J. Kelly, formerly of Moran's Minstrels, has united his fortunes with Carncross & Dixey.

WITH SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, Mr. Charles Storms, baritone, makes his first appearance on Jan. 27th.

GEORGE COLE is organizing, at Lock Haven, Pa., a troupe of Dutch minstrels, which will give their first performance there on February 18th. There are to be six comedians, a quartette and orchestra, also a brass band of ten pieces.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS are billed to perform at Steubenville, O., Jan. 27th; Pittsburgh, Pa., 28th and 29th; Pittsburgh, 30th; Titusville, 31st, and Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 8th and 8th. Al Miles joined the company at Dayton, O., Jan. 20th.

HOGAN & MURDER'S MINSTRELS commenced a season at Quebec, Canada, on Jan. 20th. The Misses Jennie Kimball, Gertie Granville, Mabel Vaughn and Edna Western recently joined the company.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS gave two performances at the Newark, New Jersey, Opera House on Jan. 24th and 25th, on account of the severe snowstorm did only a fair business.

THE MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE the past week at Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels, Chicago, Ill., was the production of "Arrah-na-Brogue." The scenery introduced in the burlesque is really fine, particularly the sinking watch-tower scene by Mr. Hally, the artist. The balance of the performance consists of the usual ballads, comic ditties, songs and dances and sketches.

WELCH, CLARK & HART'S MINSTRELS performed at Canton, O., on Jan. 23d.

HOOLEY'S BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE produces "Cinderella" in good style this week, with a cast embracing Griffin, Bernardo, J. C. Campbell, Vernon, Oberest, George Gay, etc., with Purdy and others in the opening part.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS closed their season at the Alhambra, San Francisco, Cal., for a brief period on the 19th of January, for the purpose of making a tour through the state, and create a place, at the same time, for the appearances of Jenny Allen, Little Mac and Alice Harrison, whose engagement will commence on the 30th, with the drama of "Schneider." The attendance lately at the Alhambra has been large, and at the benefit of Billy Emerson, on the 17th, the theatre was filled to the brim.

BUCKLEY & SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS performed at Hartford, Conn., Jan. 20th, to an immense audience, we are told.

WHITMORE & CLARK'S MINSTRELS are booked for Manchester, N. H., Feb. 6th.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS occupied Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Jan. 23d, 24th and 25th, attracting large audiences, it being their first appearance in that city. The entertainments furnished were excellent and full of originality. Bob Height, Billy Kersands, and Pete Devonear on the 24th in the first part were first-class. In the olio, Height, Little and Kersands created much amusement, and were loudly *encored* in their various acts.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are to play at Selma, Ala., Jan. 27th and 28th; Montgomery, 29th and 30th; Columbus, Ga., 31st and Feb. 1st; Atlanta, 2d, 3d and 4th; Macon, 5th and 6th; Savannah, 7th, 8th, 10th and 11th; Charleston, S. C., 12th, 13th and 14th; Augusta, Ga., 15th, 16th and 17th; Columbia, S. C., 18th and 19th; Wilmington, N. C., 20th and 21st; Goldsborough, 22d; Norfolk, Va., 24th and 25th; Petersburg, 26th, and Richmond, 27th and 28th.

Circuses.

COLE'S MUSEUM, CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, which closed its season at Galveston, Texas, on Jan. 11th, had been on the road for forty consecutive weeks, and traveled from the most northern settlement of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico by wagon. The business is said to have been uniformly large, especially in Canada and Texas. In the latter state the show had no opposition, generally good weather, and the horses escaped the epizootic until near the close of the season. They are now at Columbus, Texas, where they will remain until they recover. The cages and properties are in Galveston, and from there they will be shipped to Quincy, Ill. It is reported that the show cleared $75,000 in the state of Texas alone. On the closing night, after the audience had departed, Mr. Cole was called into the ring and presented by the members of the company with an elegant and costly watch-chain, after which the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the company joined in the chorus.

C. W. KIDDER, who can be addressed care of this office, can be engaged as agent, assistant manager or ticket-seller.

GEORGE RYLAND, M'me Louise (Mrs. Ryland), the Morosie Brothers, gymnasts; Professor Samwells and his trained dogs and monkeys; Le Roy, the circus performer, and Mrs. Samwells and children, sailed from San Francisco, Cal., for Los Angeles on Jan. 9th. From there they will proceed to Mexico and the Central American states. This company will travel under the title of Prof. Samwells & Co.'s Great Combination Circus and Animal Show.

ED. SCOFFIELD is requested to communicate with Taylor Trask, whose address is among the advertisements.

SHOWLES & CO.'S GRAND TRIPLE COMBINATION is announced to perform at Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 27th and 28th, and Newark, N. J., 29th, 30th and 31st. The officers and company are as follows:—J. Showles & Co., directors; S. M. Johnson, treasurer; A. C. Meatre, leader of the band; A. B. Stow, contracting agent; Mons. Datallie, the "man with the iron jaw;" M'lle Angela, the "female Sampson;" Young Zephir and Tom Pettit; Jacob Showles in equestrian acts and cords of concave performance; Master Willie Showles, bareback pony rider; Mrs. Emma Showles, equestrian; an equestrian monkey, "Brazilian Chief;" the comic mules "Pete" and "Barney;" the trick horse "American Eagle;" the ponies "Black Crook" and "Lalla Rookh;" and Laselle and Mlson, also King and La Fleur, gymnasts and acrobats. They carry with them an equestrian ring, which can be placed upon the earth.

CHARLES F. REED, equestrian, is engaged with Adam Forepaugh for the coming touring season, and not with the Queen City Circus, as announced.

FOR THE SELLS BROTHERS' CIRCUS the following have been engaged for the coming season:—John L. Davenport, clown; Master Orrin, principal rider; Santiago Gibbononi, contortionist; Georgo Richards, cannon-ball performer; Prof. Herbert, trampoline and trapeze artist; Adolph Reisby, scenic rider; Frank Ferine, leaper and tumbler, and Prof. Louis Hecks, Prussian Bugle band. George Richards has the side-show privileges. They are making extensive additions to their show, and will have three tents, eighteen cages of animals and three bill-wagons. The processional will be a prominent feature.

W. C. CRUM goes with Barnum's show during the next season, instead of John O'Brien.

EUGENE AND IRENE MARTINEM, knife-throwers and fire-jugglers, now traveling with C. W. Noyes' Crescent City Circus, advertise that they can be engaged for the coming tenting season.

LUCY RIVERS, tumbler and leaper and "Pete Jenkins" performer, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

SIG. CHARVAT, horizontal-bar performer, &c., with a good trick dog, can be secured for the tenting season. Address as per advertisement.

A GOOD ENGAGEMENT.—Mme. Dockrill, the French *equestrienne*, who achieved a great success during her performances at the late Barnum's Circus, has gone to California under engagement to John Wilson, the well-known circus manager of the Pac

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, $1 on each per line for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our NEWS Department—such as extracts from other papers, etc., thirty cents per line, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned,
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE TO THEATRICAL AND VARIETY MANAGERS.
FOR SALE,
AT A BARGAIN,
A TENT,
9x36 feet, 11 ft sides, two centre poles, chain guys, iron and wooden guy pins, seats, jacks and stringers in good running order.
TERMS, CASH.
Address WM. HEYWOOD,
44-1t* Northbridge, Mass.

TO MANAGERS.
J. B. BUCKLEY,
VOCALIST,
Can be engaged for RESPONSIBLE UTILITY after Jan. 26th, '73. Address, in care of WALLACE SISTERS,
44-1t* Taunton, Mass., or Clipper office.

TO MISS JULIA BARTON,
SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST.
If you do not send for your trunks in six months from date they will be SOLD TO PAY EXPENSES. WM. EVANS,
North Branch Hotel.
Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1873. 44-1t*

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
AN ACTIVE, ENERGETIC, RELIABLE YOUNG MAN, with a thorough knowledge of the business, would like to engage for the coming season as ASSISTANT BILL POSTER or PROGRAMMER. Best references given. Address M MORRIS,
44-1t* Care of Clipper office, New York.

PARK OPERA HOUSE, ERIE,
PA.—This new and elegant house will be ready for opening on or about February 15th, '73. Has all the modern conveniences of stage, scenery, dressing rooms, etc. Seating capacity, 1,500. Population of city, 25,000. This house will be let to traveling theatrical troupes upon the most favorable terms. The managers have the best facilities for posting bills. For particulars, address
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44-4t* Managers, Erie, Pa.

JOHNNY CLIFFORD,
THE NOTED SONG AND DANCE MAN,
is open for an engagement. Address 37 Academy st., Cleveland, Ohio. 44-3t*

CIRCUS PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.—The services of C. W. KIDDER can be engaged for the Touring Season of 1873, as Agent or Assistant Agent, or Assistant Manager, Ticket Seller or Layer out. Address
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GROVER'S NATIONAL THEATRE,
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TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ENGAGED.
The opening has been POSTPONED ONE WEEK, in consequence of delay in decorations. Opening date fixed positively for MONDAY, FEB. 10th. As yet, no date advertised, excepting in dramatic journals. COMPANY AND BAND FULL.
44-1t J. HOLMES GROVER, Proprietor.

CITY HALL, TALLADEGA,
ALA., on the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, half way between Rome, Ga., and Selma, Ala. Capacity of hall 600; seated with chairs, lighted with gas and licensed. Address
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JAMES F. SHERRY,
MANAGER,
1,214 NORTH FRONT STREET,
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N. B.—ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATIVE TO BUSINESS will receive prompt attention. 44-2t*

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ANNIE WARD,
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